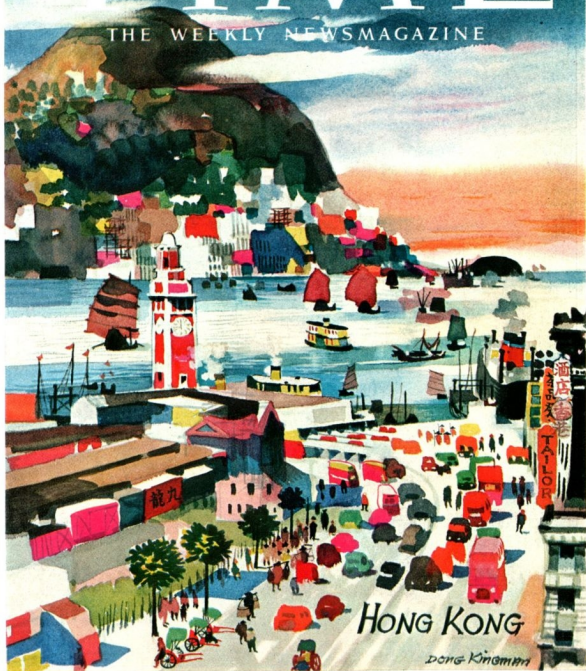


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NOVEMBER 21, 1960

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



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VOL. LXXVI NO. 21



INSIDE ACCUTRON ON YOUR WRIST: A wholly new timekeeping principle . . . it's a microsonic timepiece with accuracy that only the space age could bring.

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LETTERS

Church v. State in Puerto Rico

Sir: It seems to me that the term freedom has in our society become increasingly associated with an insidious kind of liberalism which regards any code of morals or legitimately established authority as restrictive and undesirable.

The Oct. 31 article "Fuss in Puerto Rico" might be more appropriately entitled "Fuzz in P.R.", for it is indeed fuzzy thinking knowingly to vote for a party which uses public funds to run birth-control clinics, a party which has repeatedly refused to grant one hour a week of public school time (as is done in the U.S.) for religious instruction of the pupil's choice; it is indeed fuzzy thinking to vote for this party and still claim to be a Catholic.

It is this essential contradiction which the bishops' letter effectively brings out and which has been erroneously labeled as an undemocratic mixing of religion and politics. Is a warning designed to safeguard the beliefs of a predominantly Catholic society to be considered as "an incredible medieval interference in a political campaign"? Is such a warning truly a violation of free suffrage?

PEDRO G. SALAZAR

Berkeley, Calif.

Sir:

I am moved to write expressing my horror, indignation and amazement as a Catholic at the action taken by Bishops Davis and McManis.

What grist for the Protestant scandal-mongers' mill! Everything that American Catholicism has stood for—separation of church and state, freedom of religion, a non-temporal clergy—is endangered by the stupid, archaic and "dog-in-the-manger" mouthings of these modern-day Saxonarolas. This sort of thing is precisely what makes Protestants turn green at the gills and red in the face.

THOMAS O. MCSTLOY

Chicago

Sir:

Despite any and all mitigating circumstances which the Roman church might claim for its actions in Puerto Rico, when any body seeks to take upon itself the prerogative of directing the voting of its adherents it is striking a blow at freedom, no matter where it is done in the world. To have it done in an area that is under the protection of the U.S. Constitution is a deadly blow indeed.

RICHARD BLIESMAN

Osaka, Iowa

Sir:

The manner of action of three Puerto Rican Catholic bishops is just as bad as the attitude and action of several American ministers of religion who directly or indirectly persuade or force their subjects not to vote for a Catholic candidate for the presidency. In Puerto Rico the action was not motivated by a religion issue, but rather by a moral issue involving principles and practices contrary to sound Christianity, while here in the U.S. there is no moral issue involved, but only bigotry.

The American Catholic bishops are keeping aloof from politics; they have never forced their subjects either to vote for a Catholic candidate or forbidden them to vote for a non-Catholic candidate.

(THE REV.) LOUIS DONANZAN

St. Michael Church
Chicago

The Radical Conservative

Sir: Hats off to Bill Buckley and his *National Review* Magazine. It is revealing to know that along with myself there is a brilliant editor and 31,013 subscribers who believe that unless the trend toward liberalism in government and politics is checked, our lives soon will become no more than a prepaid, state-supported labyrinth of sameness in which each of us is distinguished from the other only by number.

BEECHER BLAKE

Bellevue, Wash.

Sir:

In all fairness to Mr. Buckley, let it be said that the reason the Republicans are the minority party is *not* that they eat their young. It is also untrue that they are born with feet in mouth and therefore starve before reaching voting age. This latter takes years of careful training, preferably by a wealthy father.

WILLIAM C. DA VIE

New York City

Eve's Owner Console

Sir: We were overjoyed to see that our *Eve Disconsolate* by Hiram Powers received a pat on the back in TIME [the sculpture re-established the nude as a fit subject for U.S. artists] but were disconsolate to find no mention of its owner, the Hudson River Museum in Yonkers, N.Y.

When *Eve* was first exhibited during the Victorian age, people had to remind themselves that the mother of mankind had been "naked and was not ashamed" and that there was no need to fear it would introduce "foreign indecency among our women."

MARTIN RIES
Assistant Director

The Hudson River Museum
Yonkers, N.Y.

Frigidity in Women

Sir: In your Oct. 31 issue, Dr. Linden states that frigidity is due to modern America's emancipation of women to compete with their husbands for dominance of the household, and that thus the husband, being no match for his aggressive wife, abdicates his familial responsibility.

Competition in our society is not new, but the female as a competitor is, and the emancipation of women has put certain phases of equality (not based on biological aspects) on a competitive basis with the male. His ego and intellect are threatened.

All males have to do is be the men they once were.

(MRS.) DOROTHY B. WILSON
Fort Smith, Ark.

Sir:

When Dr. Linden concludes that frigidity may be cured if the woman can be restored to "a truly feminine position," I assume he means a position that accepts male dominance. Is the feeling that she is dominated by the male then absolutely essential for sexual

satisfaction in women? Surely not. I suggest that in women who need to feel dominated in order to achieve orgasm, sexual emotions are still attached subconsciously to the dominating male who first aroused them. I mean Father, of course.

Frigidity would then seem to be a symptom of immature sexual emotions.

JEAN M. WHELAN

Westbury, N.Y.

Sir:

The women that suffer from frigidity need a mere improvement in their daily diet, such as curry powder, oregano, paprika, onions (not onion salt), black pepper and much garlic accompanied by beer. This frigidity coma is nonsense in South America, Mexico and all of the Asian nations because of much spices.

(MRS.) FATIMA MIA

Pacoima, Calif.

How to Join the U.N.

Sir:

Could you tell me if Red China has officially asked the U.N. to become a member, and how does a country go about asking to become a member of the U.N.?

NEHRU PERMAUL

Sunland, Calif.

¶ Red China has not asked to be admitted to the U.N. as such; it has instead protested the legal status of Nationalist China's seat on the Security Council, on the ground that the Nationalist China government no longer represents the Chinese. Since 1956, the General Assembly has rejected proposals to put the question of China's U.N. representation on its agenda, but by an increasingly narrow margin.

Nations wanting to join the U.N. file an application with the Secretary-General, which must be approved by seven members of the Security Council (including the five permanent members—China, France, U.S.S.R., United Kingdom and the U.S.) and two-thirds of the General Assembly present and voting. Membership begins the day the Assembly makes its decision.—Ed.

Get Lost

Sir:

In regard to the article, "The Real Brand X" [Oct. 31], let me say: It's not that I really believe that "first place is too crowded"—it's that I am so utterly sick, sick, sick of loud and aggressive commercials telling me how superior some product is—that I am more than happy to try Brand X, out of sheer negativism. Three cheers for good old maligned Brand X!!!

MARY JANE GROSSO

Seattle

Sir:

As a sequel to the Brand-X story, I would like to add another product name worth millions even before the product is introduced. The name I have in mind is "LOST." Picture if you will a commercial that reads, "and the next time you shop for a laundry soap that makes washings whiter than white, get LOST."

If that doesn't appeal to the client, how about this easy-to-remember product name: ZIT. The caption of the ad practically dictates itself: "This is ZIT!" The subheadline to read: Does ZIT wash? Yes! Does ZIT

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wear? Yes! Does ZIT do something more for your figure? You bet! If this is ZIT get LOST.

LAWRENCE KANE

New York City

Sir:

The Brand "X" Corporation thanks you for a most entertaining article.

HARRY CHAFVIN JR.
President

Brand "X" Corp.
Cincinnati

Shop Practices

Sir:

Re: the article "The Means & the End," anyone who has not spent a day working in a thrift shop (as I have spent many, being affiliated with the Lots for Little Thrift Shop in New York City) has no right to so uncharitably criticize Sylvia McDaniel's "trade secrets." After all, in order to be truly charitable, one must act with prudence.

LYNN STEUER

New York City

Sir:

It is with deep humility that at least some of us in the Episcopal Church would apologize for the article published in the *Living Church* (not an official organ of the church) and reprinted as "news" in *TIME*, Oct. 31. This article's content is a travesty upon our church, but thank God the church in Springfield, Mo. cannot represent all of us! For every one of them, there are ten unlike them.

(THE REV.) PAUL H. KRATZIG
Trinity Episcopal Church
Victoria, Texas

The Last Judgment

Sir:

Bernard Safran must have painted his cover portrait [of Nixon] from a reflection in Nixon's mother's eye.

B. N. ARONS

Ithaca, N.Y.

Sir:

Hats off to *TIME* Magazine on an excellent nonpartisan campaign coverage.

JACK MULLANEY

Leominster, Mass.

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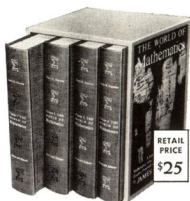
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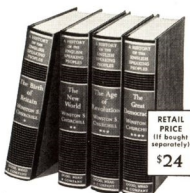
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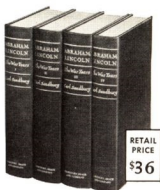
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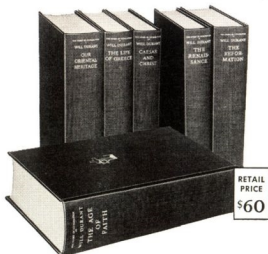


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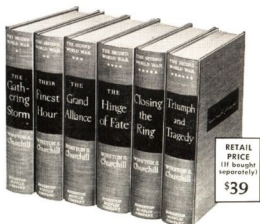


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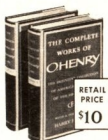
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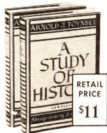
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A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernhard M. Auer

If a newsmagazine is to do its full job, it must not merely report the news but must assess what happened and make clear-cut judgments in every field it covers. Some judgments from this week's TIME.

On Tennessee Williams' new play, *Period of Adjustment*: There is a sense of Williams propelling himself too far in the opposite direction, to trading claws for Santa Claus. See THEATER, **New Play on Broadway**.

On the crushing of the revolt in South Viet Nam: Tough, zealous, anti-Communist President Diem seems to have won out again. But he has not solved the problem of Communist terrorism, he has ruled with rigged elections, a muzzled press and political re-education camps, and his prospering brothers and in-laws are his key advisers. The conditions that brought on the revolt still remain. See FOREIGN NEWS, **Revolt at Dawn**.

On the "Red summit" meeting in Moscow: Communist leaders from everywhere have been marshaled to reaffirm Soviet supremacy against China's challenge, but China's Mao Tse-tung has deprived Nikita Khrushchev of acquiescence at the one point where acquiescence counts decisively in the Communist faith—at the summit itself. He sent his No. 2 man instead. See FOREIGN NEWS, **The Winter Garden Summit**.

On the breakup of the Marilyn Monroe-Arthur Miller marriage: The man who wrote *Death of a Salesman* seemed simply to have had all he could take, not only of his marriage but of Hollywood to boot. See SHOW BUSINESS, **Popsie & Popsie**.

On a new book, *A Sense of Values*: The latest, 604-page redundancy by Sloan (*The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit*) Wilson may serve a purpose: to stimulate total disenchantment with the disenchanting novel. See BOOKS, **The Disenchanted Forest**.

President John Kennedy is likely to find that the old conservative coalition of Republicans and Southern Democrats can muster enough votes in the Congress to keep him from marching toward the New Frontier very fast—and perhaps that is the way the voters intended it. See NATIONAL AFFAIRS, **How the Vote Broke**.

The feeling was growing in the business community that Kennedy is more conservative than he sounded in the campaign. See BUSINESS, **The Kennedy Climate**.

On Tailback Terry Baker of Oregon State: An ambidextrous, introspective, gangling sophomore who would be one of the most remarkable football players in the game even if he never completed a pass or made a yard on the ground. See SPORT, **Thinking Man's Tailback**.

On Arthur Koestler's new book, *The Lotus and the Robot*: His main conclusion—that it is useless to look to Asia for mystic enlightenment and spiritual guidance—runs counter to fashionable Western intellectual longings. See RELIGION, **Ex-Commissar v. the Yogis**.

On the skill of famed British Accompanist Gerald Moore: He is aware that "there are 20,000 ways of performing one piece," and his volumes and tempi are tailored like a Savile Row suit to the style of the soloist. See MUSIC, **Unashamed Accompanists**.

Russian dreams of the scientific future are mostly familiar items that long ago lost their power to bedazzle Americans. See SCIENCE, **Dull or Concealed Dreams**.

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENT-ELECT

Answers & Questions

The differences, little and big, that the dignity of the most important political office in the world brings were evident on the morning after Jack Kennedy won his election. At 10 a.m. Kennedy walked the 100 yds. or so from his Hyannisport house to Brother Bobby's for a staff meeting. When he entered the living room, all present rose—the first time they had ever done so for their boss. They were all friends and hardly roistering ones, but the occasion was reminiscent of young Prince Hal, becoming King Henry V and having to abandon his old carefree intimacy with Falstaff.

Flopping down on a green sofa, Kennedy sorted out a clutch of papers—a memo from the Brookings Institution on transition of Government responsibility, details on job requirements supplied by Aide Clark Clifford, who had been working with Brookings for many weeks. "Well," said Jack Kennedy, rifling through the sheaf, "what do we have to do?" He glanced up at Ted Sorensen, his No. 1 assistant. "Ted," said Kennedy, "I want you to be my special counsel." He named his dogged, cigar-chomping campaign press aide, Pierre Salinger, as press secretary; Clifford as special liaison man to the White House for the transition period; Campaign Schedule Coordinator Ken O'Donnell as special assistant.



Associated Press
WITH DAUGHTER CAROLINE
Hello, President.

What's in a Name? As Kennedy and his men discussed jobs and appointments, he put through a call to Washington that got his Administration off to a popular start. He asked Central Intelligence Director Allen Dulles and Federal Bureau of Investigation Director J. Edgar Hoover to stay in their jobs. The two, who had worked in Government through at least three Administrations, readily agreed.

While the meeting proceeded, newsmen crowded into the Hyannis National Guard Armory for Kennedy's first full-fledged press conference, agreed to follow general ground rules of the Eisenhower Administration (no reporters may phone, type or leave the room till the conference is done), then haggled for a while over what to call Kennedy. Earlier in the campaign they had shifted from Jack to Senator. Now "Mr. President-elect" sounded too clumsy; "Mr. President" would not be fitting till Jan. 20, 1961. Later, Kennedy himself cleared it up, asked that he be called "Senator—a mighty good title," though the press conference ended with a called-out "Thank you, Mr. President" anyway.

At the press conference, Kennedy: **Q** Said he had asked James Landis, 61, onetime Harvard Law School dean and longtime New Dealer, to provide him with a study of federal regulatory agencies—an appointment that caused some stir because Manhattan Lawyer Landis has cases pending before at least two federal agencies (*see* BUSINESS).

Q Announced his reply to a telegram from President Eisenhower, who had invited Kennedy and his aides to meet with him and White House officers to discuss transition problems. Kennedy answered with a telegram: I LOOK FORWARD TO MEETING YOU AND AGAIN EXPRESS MY APPRECIATION FOR YOUR COOPERATION. (Earlier, Kennedy had wired Ike: THE WHOLE COUNTRY IS HOPEFUL THAT YOUR LONG EXPERIENCE IN THE SERVICE OF YOUR COUNTRY CAN BE DRAWN UPON FURTHER IN THE YEARS TO COME.) Probable meeting date: right after Thanksgiving.

Q Denied that he had ever had Addison's disease and declared that his health is "very good."

Q Professed no knowledge of any future role that Brothers Bobby and Ted might play in his Administration. "I have not discussed it with either one of them." (Campaign Manager Bobby Kennedy has already intimated that he would not accept a White House job.)

Despite the narrow margin in the pop-



Paul Schutzer—LIFE
KENNEDY AT PRESS CONFERENCE
Goodbye, Falstaff.

ular vote ("I didn't know it was going to be quite that close"), his election, he said, was a "victory for the Democrats," and he feels in no way inhibited from pressing forward with his program. "I have been elected, and therefore I'm going to do my best to implement [my] views and meet my responsibilities . . . The margin is narrow, but the responsibility is clear." Neither Nixon, nor President Eisenhower, nor the Republican Party, he said, should feel repudiated by the election. "An alternative course, an alternative group, an alternative philosophy and an alternative party was selected, but . . . I certainly would not use the word 'repudiation' of the Republicans."

Precious Little Room. The press conference answers were a fine example of Kennedy style—the short, sharp sentences competently phrased and coolly delivered. But they gave few answers to the real questions that intrigue many a Republican and Democrat alike about the Kennedy Administration. Will he be as liberal with big-spending programs as his campaigning implied? He could, without much difficulty, push through Congress a bill for old-age medical care that would be financed by increased Social Security deductions. But if he was to stick by his promises of price stability, no new taxes

and a balanced budget, and also stick by his promise of bigger defense spending, he would have little room for maneuver and little money to spare on social programs.

There were some who thought Jack Kennedy's liberalism merely a campaign gambit and predicted he would quickly revert to his own conservative interests and the influence of his right-wing father, Millionaire Joe Kennedy (who last week came forward out of the dark for the first time in the entire campaign to pose for photographers with his son). But that was not the way Kennedy was now talking. There was another question frequently asked. Could an ex-Senator who was only a middling success in Congress,

backed up by only half the voters in the U.S., get substantial programs through the increasingly powerful Republican-Democratic conservative coalitions in the House and Senate—even with the adroit aid of Vice President Lyndon Johnson? Did he have the power and the push to cut through bureaucratic inertia and put into effect new courses in national defense or in foreign policy?

The same questions undoubtedly occurred to President-elect John F. Kennedy as he climbed aboard the family Convair and flew south to his father's home at Palm Beach, Fla. for a rest and a thinking ahead of the next step in a fast, fast, fast career.

Who for the Cabinet?

At his press conference, President-elect Kennedy was mum about which men he would pick for his Cabinet. That would have to wait, he said, until after his Thanksgiving weekend conference with President Eisenhower. The making of dream Cabinets span on, nevertheless, and expert guesses from Washington centered on these names and posts:

Secretary of State: A spectrum of possibilities including World Bank President Eugene Black, an Atlanta-born independent; David K. E. Bruce, Maryland Democrat and former Ambassador to West Germany; and—last and ap-

TWO FOR THE NEW SHOW

Of the half a dozen appointees President-elect Kennedy named last week, two are likely to have a decisive effect in shaping his Administration: Special Counsel Ted Sorensen and White House Liaison Man Clark Clifford.

Theodore Chaikin Sorensen, at 32, is one of the youngest of Jack Kennedy's youthful organization, but a weatherbeaten old veteran in point of service. A spare, bespectacled intellectual, he was born in Nebraska, the son of a fire-breathing Republican lawyer who, as a political follower of the late George Norris, became Nebraska's attorney general. After graduating from the University of Nebraska law school with top honors, Sorensen followed his political instincts to Washington as a young bureaucrat, worked for the Federal Security Agency, then for Illinois Senator Paul Douglas before signing on with freshman Senator John Kennedy as a research assistant and speechwriter.

The two men were drawn together by their mutual bookishness and preoccupation with politics; Kennedy's near-fatal illness in 1955 sealed their bond. Sorensen compiled the research for Kennedy's book, *Profiles in Courage*, while Jack was convalescing in Florida, was wrongly credited by Drew Pearson with ghosting the book—a charge that was disproved by Sorensen's notes. Kennedy's handwritten drafts, and the assistance of Washington Lawyer Clark Clifford, Pearson later retracted his charges. Sorensen helped Kennedy plot his unsuccessful try for the vice-presidential nomination in 1956. Only weeks later they embarked on the long, arduous campaign for the presidency. For three years before Jack Kennedy announced his candidacy he and his assistant stumped the country together, taking notes, preparing strategy, and laying the groundwork for the country's most extraordinary political campaign.

When Bobby Kennedy took over the direction of his brother's campaign in mid-1959, Ted Sorensen retreated behind the scenes as Jack's administrative assistant, top speechwriter and strategist. (Unitarian Sorensen drafted Kennedy's principal speeches defending his Roman Catholic faith from Protestant attack.) "I want to keep Ted with me wherever I go in this campaign," said Kennedy. "You need somebody whom you can trust implicitly."

A sober, deadly earnest, self-effacing man with a blue steel brain, Ted Sorensen is an instinctive political stage manager. He assiduously avoids personal publicity and attributed



SORENSEN

quotations, is personally abstemious,* and reserves his quiet sense of humor for his rare off-duty hours. Ruffled politicians accuse him of ruthlessness; disgruntled underlings say he is a martinet; the press finds him invariably helpful. His fascination with politics is complete, and he is devoted to the Kennedy cause. As the special counsel to the new President, Ted Sorensen will be as close to the heart of the new Administration as any man.

At 53, **Clark McAdams Clifford** is an old man by the actuarial tables of "Operation Kennedy," but he was once a young lion of Democratic politics himself. The son of well-to-do parents and nephew of a crusading editor of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, he was a model boy with golden ringlets, went from law school into a prosperous St. Louis law firm, became a flashy and prosperous trial lawyer with a godlike blond profile that wowed the female jurors.

During the last year of World War II, Lieutenant Clifford was assigned to the White House as a junior naval aide, soon caught the eye of a fellow Missourian, President Harry Truman. In a twinkling he became the junior lead in the turbulent Truman Administration, the President's administrative assistant and Key West companion, organizational expert and confidant. After the Democratic debacle of 1952, Clifford lingered on in Washington as the head of his own flourishing law firm. In the Eisenhower years his friendship with another big man from Missouri, Senator Stuart Symington, also flourished. Last year, when Symington began taxiing for the Democratic presidential nomination in a campaign that never left the runway, Clifford was his copilot. When Jack Kennedy ran away with the nomination, Clifford simply switched candidates.

Since September, Clark Clifford has been working diligently on the blueprints of the Kennedy Administration, comparing past presidencies with future plans. With a full dossier of top-job categories and specifications ready for victory, Clifford was a natural liaison man between the Administrations. As a bridge between Kennedy Democrats and the older generation of Symington and Truman, he also had an indisputable usefulness, will undoubtedly be given a key job once the Kennedy Administration is in command.



CLIFFORD

* As a boy, Sorensen was offered a silver dollar by his father if he reached his 21st birthday without smoking or drinking. Jack Kennedy got a similar offer of \$1,000 from his father. Sorensen collected, but Kennedy, who had sampled beer, did not.

parently least probable—three Kennedy foreign-policy advisers: Arkansas Senator William Fulbright; Adlai Stevenson; and Connecticut's Chester Bowles, who resigned from Congress to help out in the campaign.⁹

Treasury: World Bank President Black; Chase Manhattan Bank Chairman (and former High Commissioner of Germany) John J. McCloy, a Republican; Republican Under Secretary of State Douglas Dillon; Chairman Henry Alexander of New York's Morgan Guaranty Trust Co., a Republican.

Defense: Missouri's Stuart Symington, onetime Truman Air Force Secretary, who has been working up a Defense Department reorganization plan; Washington's Henry ("Scoop") Jackson; General Dynamics Chairman (and former Truman Army Secretary) Frank Pace. Pundit Joe Alsop predicted the picking of Byron ("Whizzer") White, Denver law-

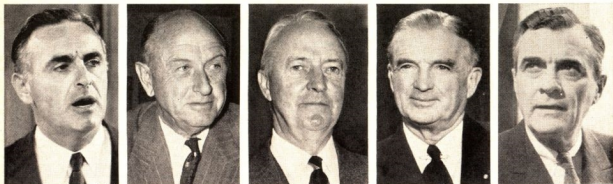
THE ELECTION

How the Vote Broke

"All this hogwash about Kennedy cresting too soon, or how miraculous Nixon's surge in the last ten days was—or even what a helluva campaign Nixon ran—frankly pains me," said a prominent Republican in Nixon's home state of California last week. "After the performance he put on during the first two-thirds of the campaign, there was only one way for Nixon to move in the homestretch, and that was up." As politicians of all persuasions sifted the election results last week, most of them agreed on one thing: Dick Nixon came out of the Republican Convention last July clearly in the lead (the Democrats were reeling and disheartened from their own convention, and then proceeded to look worse in the special session of Congress). From the Republican standpoint, the tragedy was that the

the feeling that he was too young and too inexperienced. The Republicans' whocan-deal-with-Khrushchev issue somehow got lost in Khrushchev's monkeyshining at the U.N. (It got so that anyone could wag a finger at Khrushchev.) Kennedy had his party's traditional appeal to labor, Jews and Negroes, plus his own appeal to millions of fellow Catholics. Moreover, there were enough gloomy headlines about business troubles and unemployment to let him make much, in the last weeks, of the Democrats' time-honored claim to be the true defenders of bread and butter.

In the end Kennedy got his squeaked-out victory from a coalition of Northern big-city bosses, labor and urban minorities, plus a big section of the South (thanks largely to Lyndon Johnson). With some 75% of the Catholics and Negroes and 80% or more of the Jews voting for him, he took lopsided majorities in



Howard Sucharek—LIFE
RIBICOFF

Hector Garcia
BLACK

Associated Press
BRUCE

Walter Bennett
SYMINGTON

Alfred Eisenstaedt—LIFE
ALEXANDER

In a new rainbow, a spectrum of possibilities.

yer, All-America football star and national chairman of Citizens for Kennedy.

Agriculture: Minnesota's defeated Governor Orville Freeman; South Dakota's ex-Congressman George McGovern; Wisconsin's Governor Gaylord Nelson.

Commerce: Retiring Governor Luther Hodges of North Carolina.

Health, Education and Welfare: Michigan's retiring Governor "Soapy" Williams.

Attorney General: Connecticut's Governor Abe Ribicoff (en route to the Supreme Court, which he is said to long for); Whizzer White.

Labor: Oregon's Congresswoman Edith Green; New York's Mayor Robert Wagner; New Jersey Congressman Frank Thompson; United Steelworkers' Counsel Arthur Goldberg.

Postmaster General: Connecticut's Democratic State Chairman John Bailey; Chicago's Negro Congressman William Dawson.

Interior: Arizona's promising Congressman Stewart Udall, or any one of half a dozen Western Democratic Governors.

⁹ And called for an appeasing "two-China" policy for the U.S.—"That is, an independent Formosa and an independent China"—in an interview played in London last week and taped last May.

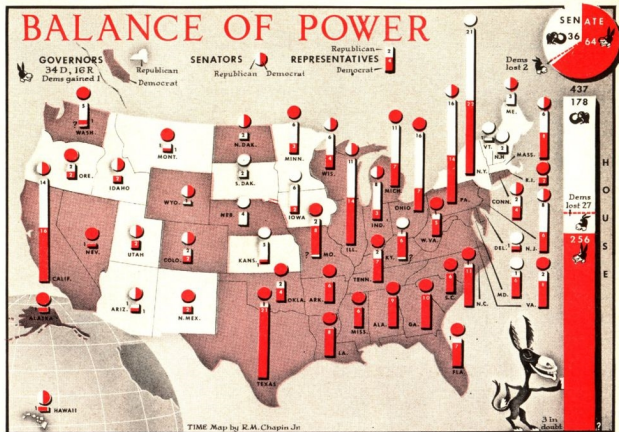
success of Nixon's last-minute surge all but proved that he could have saved the day with better timing.

Just how narrow the Kennedy victory was could be seen in the arithmetic: including shaky California and Illinois, Kennedy had won 332 electoral votes; Nixon, with razor-close Alaska, had 191; the popular-vote spread was a hairline 279,000. It was so close that Republican National Chairman Thruston Morton called for a recount of the votes in Kennedy-edged Texas, Illinois, Delaware, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Nevada, New Mexico, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and South Carolina. Some Republicans even dared hope that the recounts might still add up to a Nixon victory (but Nixon disassociated himself from the whole project).

The Coalition. If it were granted that Nixon had not conducted the world's best campaign, this raised another question: Why was Kennedy's victory not bigger? He started with decided Democratic advantages. The nation by voter registration is roughly 47% Democratic, 30% Republican. There are Democratic majorities in both houses of Congress and in the statehouses. By the numbers, any Democrat had a good chance to be President. Kennedy's television debates made him nationally known, and they helped overcome

the big cities, and thus in the states they controlled. But none of the major factors working in his favor were decisive enough to give him a sweep. In the Midwest he managed to win only the half-industrial and half-rural states that remained loyal to Franklin Roosevelt's fourth-term election in 1944: Michigan, Illinois, Minnesota and Missouri. In more Republican Ohio and in Wisconsin, Kennedy's New Deal victory formula failed. He lost the farm belt, the Rocky Mountain states and much of the West. The specifics:

Religion. Predictably, Roman Catholics voted in huge numbers for Kennedy, but not in the expected patterns. Essentially, Democratic Catholics who had voted for Eisenhower in 1952 and 1956 returned to the party and Kennedy. But in the suburbs, in Northern New England and in the farm states, Catholic Republicans stayed Republican. Roughly one Catholic voter out of four voted for Nixon, Nixon carried Ohio partly because Ohio's rural German Catholics, who had been told that Konrad Adenauer was a Nixon man, stayed with him. The anti-Catholic vote helped defeat Kennedy in such border states as Oklahoma, Kentucky and Tennessee. But the surprising Democratic rally in the Deep South proved that rural as well as urban Protes-



tants (mostly Baptists) voted for Kennedy and carried the day.

Minorities. Kennedy's victory with the Negroes was nothing short of triumphant. Always sensitive to recession layoffs, they liked his promises of a raise in minimum wages, of more welfare and less unemployment. They trusted his civil rights pledges (even though Nixon has a fine record on civil rights performance). Even Lyndon Johnson's longtime careful cultivation of the Negro press paid off; few were the editorial voices raised against him. Moreover, Democrats spent huge sums on advertising in the Negro papers, flooded Negro precincts with copies of Kennedy's message of support to the wife of Martin Luther King, who had been arrested in Georgia (Nixon missed his chance, uttered only a "no comment" on King's plight). The other minorities—Jews in New York, Chicago and Los Angeles, Latins in Americans in California, New Mexico and Texas—went solidly Democratic.

Farmers. Despite antipathy for Ezra Taft Benson, the voters in the farm states held fast to their Republican traditions, not alone out of anti-Catholic feeling; they knocked off some of their own Democratic leaders; e.g., Iowa's Governor Herschel Loveless was defeated for the U.S. Senate; Kansas Governor George Docking was dumped. Kennedy had promised farmers a program that even some of his own economists considered unworkable; now owing little to farm support, he may be

less eager to fight for it. Said a top Kennedy aide last week: "We sure don't owe the damn farmers anything."

Recession. The recession issue proved highly overrated. Such long-hurting areas as West Virginia voted for Kennedy. But California's San Diego County, hard-hit by airplane-plant layoffs, remained Republican; so did layoff areas around Seattle and Oregon's slumping lumber region.

Welfare. With the U.S. longevity rate increasing, a new special-interest group made itself felt more strongly than ever. In the West particularly, older people expressed concern for their welfare by supporting Kennedy for his Forand-type medical-aid-to-the-aged proposals. Somehow, Kennedy's program got across to old people more clearly than Dick Nixon's complicated aid-through-states plan. It almost certainly gave Kennedy his California lead.

Coattails. President Eisenhower's last-ditch campaigning was credited with helping pull Ohio into the G.O.P. column, and he nearly turned the trick in New Jersey. Kennedy grabbed a few coattails, running behind Senator Paul Douglas and Gubernatorial Candidate Otto Kerner in Illinois, and in many other states trailed local Democratic front runners.

Slow March. Although some old Roosevelt-era party loyalties were revived, U.S. voters put on an impressive display of ticket splitting. Massachusetts, Minnesota and New Mexico went for Kennedy but

elected Republican Governors. Indiana, Nebraska and North Dakota went for Nixon but elected Democratic Governors. Delaware gave its three electoral votes to Kennedy but replaced a Democratic Senator with a Republican. Oregon gave Nixon on a 40,000-vote majority but elected Democrat Maurine Neuberger to the Senate by 48,000 votes. Michigan, narrowly for Kennedy, chose a Democratic Governor and Senator but elected eleven of 18 Republican congressional candidates and put G.O.P. majorities in both houses of the state legislature.

One net result of all the ticket splitting was that, while some 50% of the electorate opted to follow John Kennedy out to the New Frontier, the new 87th Congress will be more conservative in makeup than the old. The G.O.P. gained two Senate seats (Delaware and Wyoming) and a net of 23 House seats (with four races still in doubt). The overall Democratic vote percentage in congressional races slipped from 56% in 1958 to 52%.

President Kennedy will still have hefty Democratic majorities in both houses of Congress, plus that skilled legislative maestro, Lyndon Johnson, to help out on Capitol Hill, but Kennedy is likely to find that the old conservative coalition of Republicans and Southern Democrats can muster enough votes to keep him from marching toward the New Frontier very fast—and perhaps that is the way the voters intended it.

REPUBLICANS

The Mourning After

Clearly shaping up in the G.O.P.'s grey mourning after was a three-cornered battle for party power. The combatants: Vice President Richard Nixon, New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller, Arizona Senator Barry Goldwater.

Goldwater Prospects. Far-out Conservative Barry Goldwater, who had campaigned faithfully for Nixon through the South, was the first to throw down the gauntlet. Said he hours after Nixon's defeat: "I want to figure in 1964—not necessarily as the top candidate. But I don't want Rockefeller in that spot." He tended to write off Nixon as an unemployed politician, figured that Nixon's defeat only strengthened Goldwater: "It's just what I've been saying. We cannot win as a dime-store copy of the opposition's platform. We offered voters insufficient choice with a me-too candidate. We must be different. My guess is that 80% of the state chairmen, the precinct committeemen, the workers think it is true. Everyone recognizes it except the party leadership."

Goldwater can count many allies, including G.O.P. state and county chairmen across the conservative South, the Southwest, and the Midwest from the Mississippi to the Rockies. Though he is weaker in the big-vote industrial states, his supporters make up in zeal for whatever they lack in numbers. During the campaign Goldwater became one of the G.O.P.'s most sought-after speakers, and many congressional candidates billed themselves as Goldwater Republicans. Most of the 23 new G.O.P. Congressmen are conservatives—a fact that will help Goldwater. "If the Southern Democrats stay in coalition with us," he says, "we'll be even more conservative in action than we were in the last two Congresses."

Rockefeller Problems. If many key Republicans were piqued at Goldwater for blasting Nixon, even more were angered at Rockefeller for failing to turn the tide in make-or-break New York, where a 1956 Eisenhower plurality of 1,600,000 votes ebbed to a 1960 Nixon deficit of 400,000. "There is a feeling that the best effort was not put out here," said a top New York Republican who is no friend of Rockefeller's. "Nelson will have one helluva time getting re-elected Governor in 1962." The Rockefeller rebuttal: he had given 400 enthusiastic speeches for Nixon, campaigned so hard that he turned ashen with fatigue. Nixon himself held no grudges, believed that Rocky had gone all the way for him—at least after the famous Treaty of Fifth Avenue and the nominating convention.

Still the impression grew that Rockefeller, with an eye to 1964, had been campaigning as much for himself as for Nixon. His job was to woo independents, and he produced precious few. In September he rejected the Eisenhower-Nixon old-age medical-care plan and plumped for Kennedy's social security-based system. When asked in Geneva, N.Y. if he

agreed with Nixon that U.S. prestige was at an alltime high—a key point in the debate with Kennedy—Rockefeller said: "I wouldn't make such a flat statement." When asked in New York City why he was not the candidate, Rocky said: "I figured that those who were in control of the convention had their minds made up already."

But Nixon's defeat has emboldened Rockefeller partisans, particularly in the industrial and Western states. Says San Francisco's William Brinton, a dogged Rockefeller-for-President leader in Nixon's home state: "Rockefeller can win in just those areas that Nixon lost—the big cities." Rockefeller's own problem now is to rebuild and reunite the New York organization, win over its Old Guardists (who had blocked much of his liberal program in the legislature). If he were to win big in 1962 Rockefeller might look very good indeed.

Nixon Choices. For the here and now, Dick Nixon is still very much the titular head of the G.O.P. With Dwight Eisenhower disqualified by age and inclination, middle-roading Nixon is the natural bridge between the left and right banks of his party. He intends to play the part forcefully. Said a top Nixon aide: "Dick will not permit a vacuum of leadership to develop for someone else to fill."

Nixon's problem is finding a political base from which to operate. He occupies neither a Senate seat nor a statehouse. Last week, after accepting his biggest disappointment manfully, Nixon flew off to Florida to soak up several weeks of sun and to make one of the toughest decisions of his career: what to do next. He was besieged by many private job offers.

Which one he accepted would probably indicate his future political ambition.

A university presidency would pay relatively little but give him prestige (as it did for General Eisenhower at Columbia), and a platform for Olympian comment on public affairs. Most frequently mentioned possibility: the University of Chicago, which is now casting around for a permanent chancellor.

Nixon might also run for Governor of California in 1962, hoping to add to his luster as a vote getter by winning the nation's second most important statehouse (after New York). But advisers warn him against trying. A loss to incumbent Democrat Edmund G. ("Pat") Brown, who won by 1,000,000 votes in 1958, would kill Nixon politically. And California Republicans are short on bright candidates for other offices—men of the type who could help Nixon.

Nixon himself needs money. He has never held a big-money job, thinks it is high time to build a bank account for his family. He can almost take his choice among top law firms, but working for a major Wall Street law firm involves corporate and foreign connections that can cripple a political career. (One persistent rumor has Nixon forming his own law partnership with a close friend, Attorney General William Rogers.) Furthermore, he has several corporate offers at "two to three times the salary of the President"—\$200,000 to \$300,000. But to accept would be to identify himself with "big business," probably remove him from future political candidacy.

Better Chance. Whichever course he chooses, say some Republican leaders, Nixon will probably never again get as



VICE PRESIDENT NIXON & POST-ELECTION ROOTERS IN WASHINGTON
Toward 1964 on a natural bridge.

UPI

good a shot at the presidency as in 1960. He ran as a sitting Vice President, more experienced than any of his predecessors in the job, was heralded as a well-publicized debater against Khrushchev and sponsored by an immensely popular President. In 1964 the argument of experience and continuity of office will be on the side of Jack Kennedy. Only twice in the 20th century have Presidents lost their second-term bids—Taft lost to Wilson, Hoover to Roosevelt.

But a case can be made that Richard Nixon will have to be reckoned with as a candidate in 1964. In 1960 Nixon came within a handful of votes of carrying California, Illinois, New Jersey, Minnesota, and, with them, the election. He went down to defeat as the second best Republican vote getter in history, winning 33.3 million votes v. Ike's 35.6 million in 1960. He ran well ahead of the other G.O.P. candidates, pulled several lesser Republicans into Congress on his shirrtaills. Said New York Congressman William Miller, chairman of the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee: "Any man who, at 47, comes within 300,000 votes of winning the presidency—for a party that is greatly outnumbere—has to be reckoned with. It's far too early to bury Dick Nixon."

THE STATES

Settling Shocks

Of all the myriad U.S. political pulse takers, no one was more confounded by last week's elections than that presumably savvy gent, the local party boss. Between widespread (and carefully calculated) ticket splitting and outright reversals of voting form, the 1960 election hit many a state political machine like an earthquake, shattering cherished preconceptions and not a few careers.

Ohio

Ohio's rotund Democratic Governor Mike Di Salle was hauled aboard the Kennedy bandwagon only at political gun point (TIME, Jan. 18), but once there, he appointed himself the architect of the Kennedy campaign in his state, freely predicted a massive Kennedy sweep. As it turned out, the only Ohio county to perform satisfactorily for Kennedy was industrial Cuyahoga (Cleveland), which is bossed by canny Ray Miller, one of the old-line Democratic county chairmen whose power Di Salle has long been trying to undercut. In the rest of the state, the Republicans, riding Nixon's 260,000-vote majority, regained control of both houses of the legislature and picked up two new congressional seats. Part of the reason, political pros agree, was the unexpected strength of the religious issue among Ohio's Protestants and the failure of Catholics to turn out for Kennedy as heavily as expected. But part of it was also the unpopularity of Mike Di Salle's state tax increases and the overconfidence that led the Democrats to coast during the campaign's final week while Republican State Chairman Ray

ELECTION SCORECARD Kennedy's Thin Edge

When John Kennedy takes his oath of office next January, he may be the 14th U.S. President[†] to win election without a popular vote majority. At week's end, with more than 67 million votes counted (a U.S. record), Kennedy held a 270,000 lead over Richard Nixon—and the margin was dropping steadily. Still to be counted were at least 400,000 absentee ballots in eleven states. The electoral vote (269 needed to win) stood at Kennedy 332, Nixon 191 and 14 unpledged. The scorecard according to Associated Press figures (with Kennedy electoral votes in red):

States	Popular Vote		Winner's % of votes cast
	Nixon	Kennedy	
Ala. (8)	225,065	298,764	50.5
Alaska (3)	27,286	26,711	55.8
Ariz. (4)	184,295	146,143	54.3
Ark. (8)	167,766	199,647	50.3
Calif. (32)	3,084,121	3,121,261	50.02
Colo. (6)	396,285	327,001	53.7
Conn. (8)	566,783	656,873	50.8
Del. (3)	96,141	99,159	50.9
Fla. (10)	761,197	732,876	62.1
Ga. (12)	248,560	407,228	50.02
Hawaii (3)	92,500	92,409	53.7
Idaho (4)	161,200	138,991	56.8
Ill. (27)	2,366,082	2,371,574	55.5
Ind. (13)	1,174,365	939,970	56.8
Iowa (10)	722,375	549,814	60.6
Kan. (8)	550,286	357,174	53.5
Ky. (10)	595,342	517,808	63.9
La. (10)	220,165	390,577	57.0
Maine (5)	240,547	181,047	53.8
Mass. (16)	481,365	559,748	60.4
Md. (10)	975,500	1,487,180	51.0
Mich. (20)	1,617,157	1,682,291	50.8
Minn. (11)	751,829	776,812	50.6
Miss. (8)	701,131	103,400	51.3
Mont. (4)	902,906	925,081	61.5
Neb. (6)	140,896	133,641	51.3
Nev. (3)	361,733	226,028	53.4
N.H. (4)	44,894	47,273	50.4
N.J. (16)	157,941	137,765	50.4
N. Mex. (4)	132,753	1,373,456	52.4
N.Y. (45)	153,302	155,779	55.5
N.C. (14)	3,427,183	3,831,718	53.2
N.D. (4)	643,411	709,503	59.2
Ohio (25)	2,210,248	1,940,803	52.5
Okl. (8)	534,758	369,174	51.3
Ore. (6)	392,409	354,890	52.7
Pa. (22)	2,381,981	2,513,234	63.9
R.I. (4)	144,936	257,072	51.2
S.C. (8)	186,662	195,487	58.2
S. Dak. (4)	167,239	120,178	53.6
Tenn. (11)	549,062	475,989	51.2
Texas (24)	1,053,469	1,103,617	54.8
Utah (4)	203,789	168,016	58.6
Vt. (3)	98,158	69,382	52.7
Va. (12)	400,130	359,627	50.8
Wash. (9)	575,005	557,026	52.7
W. Va. (8)	395,918	440,913	51.6
Wis. (12)	881,426	827,195	55.4
Wyo. (3)	77,611	62,544	50.2
TOTAL	33,348,397	33,627,231	

[†] The others: John Quincy Adams, James Polk, Zachary Taylor, James Buchanan, Abraham Lincoln (in 1860), Rutherford Hayes, James Garfield, Grover Cleveland (both terms), Benjamin Harrison, Woodrow Wilson (in 1912 and 1916) and Harry Truman.

[‡] Of Alabama's eleven electors, only five are pledged to support Kennedy, but three of the unpledged six may also do so. Mississippi's eight electoral votes, also unpledged, may be given in protest to Virginia's Senator Harry Byrd.

B'iss bombarded voters with radio, TV and newspaper ads—and most important of all, brought in Ike. Last week, surveying the wreckage, Di Salle gloomily declared: "They're going to have to find a scapegoat, and it might as well be me." His foes among the Democratic county chairmen couldn't agree more.

Massachusetts

The Massachusetts habit of "voting the man" sent Republican Leverett Saltonstall back to the Senate and Republican John A. Volpe into the Governor's mansion (even as Native Son Jack Kennedy walked off with the state) to threaten a degree of political chaos unusual even for the Bay State. Prosperous Contractor Volpe, whose margin of victory was largely supplied by the Italian-American votes he won away from the Democrats, is the only Republican in a top state office; with no previous legislative experience, he faces a heavily Democratic legislature. The state's feud-ridden Democratic organization needs a leader who can put the pieces back together. Most likely man for the job: whoever is appointed to the Senate seat that Jack Kennedy will almost certainly vacate before January (to allow his replacement to be named by outgoing Democratic Governor Foster Furcolo rather than by Republican Volpe). A leading candidate: Congressman Torbert Macdonald, 43, a former Harvard football hero and Jack Kennedy's close personal friend since college days.

Maine

Dick Nixon's waltz through Maine with Senator Margaret Chase Smith slowed a six-year grand march of the state's Democratic Party. Most unexpected blow of all was the defeat of the intellectual leader of the young Maine Democratic organization, laconic Lewiston Lawyer Frank Coffin, 41, who resigned from Congress in order to run for Governor. (In a final movement of the musical chairs, Coffin's House seat also went to a Republican.)

Texas

"When we came back from the Los Angeles convention," said Texas Attorney General Wil Wilson, "I would guess that the state was only about 35% for Kennedy. We had an unacceptable platform to contend with, the religion issue and a loud anti-Johnson group." The Democrats got to work, corralled the Negro, Latin American and labor vote for Kennedy, then drummed up old-fashioned party loyalty everywhere else. They got an unexpected break in the last week, courtesy of Republican Congressman Bruce Alger, who egged on the group of rowdy Republicans who jostled Johnson and his wife Lady Bird in a Dallas hotel lobby, spat at him, roughed up his wife's hair, Johnson therefore played the martyr's role like an old pro. Dallas County layed as Republican as ever—Nixon got 149,333 votes, 23,972 more than Ike's 1956 mark—but in the central and east Texas rural areas and in some of the smaller Texas cities, the Democratic ticket picked up steadily, and

Bruce Alger's blunder made a big difference. One top Nixon adviser insists that it even helped lose South Carolina, where voters resented the unchivalrous attitude toward Lady Bird.

LABOR

Jobs & Jobless

One looming problem for the new Administration came clear last week in the October employment figures. More people were holding jobs (67,490,000) than in any previous October—yet unemployment, which normally falls by 200,000 during the month, rose by 191,000 to 3,579,000. (The number of long-term unemployed—jobless for 15 weeks or more—increased from 800,000 to 1,000,000.) Apparent cause: more and more of the World War II crop of babies coming of working age.

If there is no change in the pace of the economy, said the Labor Department, seasonal factors will drive the unemployment total up to 5,250,000 in January.

CRIME

The Little Red Car

The nation's No. 1 hood, Anthony Joseph ("Tony") Accardo, 54, alias Joe Batters, is the very model of a modern mob general. He is popularly credited with half a dozen murders dating from his days as gunman to the late Al Capone, but has never spent a night in jail. Unlike Capone, whom he eventually succeeded as grand vizier of Chicago crime, Tony cleverly paid his taxes on income from gambling and "miscellaneous sources" (more than \$1,000,000 between 1940 and 1955) to justify his \$500,000 mansion in suburban River Forest, Ill. and his lavish vacations in Florida. Even when the feds started pressing for a more detailed accounting of his sources of income, Tony had an angle: he went Capone one better and got himself a job. It was possibly the worst mistake he ever made.

Accardo's job was a lazy man's dream: \$65,000 salary as salesman for Chicago's Premium Beer Sales, Inc., plus 5¢ a case on all the Fox Head beer he sold. For a touch of realism, Tony even deducted \$3,994 in depreciation and gas-and-oil expenses for his little red sports car, a Mercedes-Benz SL 300, on his tax returns as business expenses. That gave scholarly Chicago Crimebuster Richard Ogilvie, 37, the clue he needed. Ogilvie, sole survivor of a Justice Department investigative group ostentatiously set up in 1958 to combat Chicago crime, checked with 3,500 local tavern owners, discovered that not one of them had ever seen Tony come around, at least to sell any beer.

Last week, after a two-month trial during which Ogilvie proved that Accardo's beer-selling sinecure was merely a front for his gambling and labor-racketeering interests, a federal court jury convicted him on three counts of tax evasion. Tough Tony Accardo, the man who never went to jail, faces a sentence of up to nine years in prison and \$15,000 in fines.

AMERICANA

The Theory of Weightlessness

The U.S.'s longtime preoccupation with the shape of the human figure has reached from Fletcher's mastication diet of the early 1900s to Elmer Wheeler's Fat Boy calorie counter of the '50s, but no diet fad has ever taken the U.S. so overwhelmingly as the craze for the food supplement Metrecal (TIME, Oct. 3) and its sister brands. Across the nation last week, drugstores and supermarkets were clamoring for fresh car-load deliveries to accommodate the growing hordes of Schmoos-shaped addicts who were insisting on guzzling their way to the vanishing point. Cried a happy druggist: "It's the

leader of a kind of Fatsos Anonymous, whose backsliding members gained great encouragement by calling her on the phone and discussing their terrifying moments of weakness.

Since most users agree that the stuff is vile-tasting ("It's glubby," said a Dallas dieter, "absolutely nauseating"), many mix it with gin, rum or bourbon. Some freeze it and eat it like sherbet. A Washington lovelorn columnist advised the wife of an alcoholic to spike her husband's gin with Metrecal. One happy user of a similar supplement is Dallas' Specialty Store (Nieman-Marcus) Tycoon Stanley Marcus. "I've lost 15 pounds," says he, "several times." Marcus' specialty is "a kind of Spanish *gazpacho* soup." He mix-



Jon Brenneis

METRECAL BUYERS IN SAN FRANCISCO
Glub on the rocks, cookies in the desk.

bestselling thing since the Hula Hoop!" Campaigner Jack Kennedy was right, sighed an overweight Republican, when he said that 17 million Americans go to bed hungry every night—"most of them are on Metrecal."

Lunch in a Cup. School teachers and office workers take their Metrecal to work in thermos bottles. Others line up at the office water-coolers with the chalky powder* and mix their lunch in a paper cup. Drugstores serve the stuff across the soda fountains, and manufacturers are even shipping it ready-mixed in handy cans. Metrecal distributors have filled orders from Saudi Arabian royalty and the King of Greece. The well-heeled businessmen who dine at Denver's Twenty-Six Club drink it; so do the spring-training players of the Birmingham Barons. Food Editor Marjorie Barrett of Denver's *Rocky Mountain News* wrote about her Metrecal diet, soon became the spiritual

es the dieting powder with cucumbers, tomato paste, ground-up peppers, tomatoes and curry powder.

Gloomy Mutterings. Despite suggestions from the manufacturers that dieters should consult with their doctors and should also maintain a carefully selected food intake, thousands are under the mistaken impression that they can go on eating as much as they like and still lose weight, so long as they drink their Metrecal. Even those who know better are sometimes weak in will power. Office workers in one San Francisco place recently heard the telltale sound of a crinkling candy-bar wrapper, found a devout but spineless dieter surreptitiously gobbling chocolate and cookies at her desk.

Where will it all end? Optimists claim that all the dieting is producing a new, slim American who will look as grand as the fashion ads. But there are mutterings that if it keeps up long enough, the Communists will overpower the U.S. without firing a shot. Americans will all get so skinny that the Reds will take over the country merely by sucking up the citizenry with vacuum cleaners.

* A mixture of skim-milk powder, soybean flour, corn oil, minerals and vitamins, originally concocted by Mead Johnson & Co. for invalids who could not take solid food.

FOREIGN NEWS

OPINION

The Young President

"It is unfair that Europeans are not allowed to participate in the election of the U.S. President, since their fate in so many ways is in the hands of men chosen by Americans alone," the late Aneurin Bevan once remarked, only half in jest. Last week not only the U.S. but Europe and the rest of the world were debating the qualities and qualifications of President-elect John F. Kennedy.

With something of a shock, even diplomats realized that they knew very little about him or his policies. All most were sure of was that Kennedy was 1) young, 2) rich, 3) Roman Catholic, 4) in favor of "something new."

In old Europe, the full recognition of Kennedy's youth surprised. At 43, Kennedy could be the son of almost any of the world's major aging leaders. He can spot Khrushchev, Mao and Macmillan 23 years, De Gaulle 26 and Adenauer 41.

Puzzling out Kennedy's campaign line, European analysts usually came to something like "flexibility," and not much more. But most were confident that Kennedy meant change. Observed Britain's conservative *Daily Telegraph*: "The American people have chosen adventure. Such a choice from such a people could well mark a turning point in history towards an era full of peril but also of great promise." Largely unspoken at official levels but widely discussed in editorials was a widespread feeling that in its declining days, the Eisenhower Administration had somehow lost its first confident touch or, at any rate, lost momentum. Even those who were confident that Kennedy would make few changes in Eisenhower's basic policies talked of "a new impetus."

Esteemed Mr. Nikita Khrushchev, whose editorialists had played the election as "Tweedledum v. Tweedledee," did not even wait until all the returns were in to jump on the winning side. "Esteemed Mr. Kennedy, allow me to congratulate you," he cabled, "We hope that while you are at this post the relations between our countries would again follow the line along which they were developing in Franklin Roosevelt's time."

The almost effusive wire was less a tribute to Kennedy than a hint that Khrushchev was willing to bury his recent beligerence along with his scapegoat, Eisenhower. *Izvestia* called the election results a "terrible defeat" for the Eisenhower-Nixon policies of "worsening international tensions." A sharp dissenter in the Communist world: Red China, where the New China News Agency warned that while both candidates served "U.S. ruling circles," Kennedy would "greatly increase military spending and extend war preparations."

Germany's Konrad Adenauer was almost openly pro-Nixon during the campaign—his fears of Democratic "flexibili-

ty" on Berlin could not be laid to rest despite Kennedy's tough line. Adenauer adjusted smoothly to the outcome. "Thank God the election is over," he cried. "We need have no worries. A steady continuation of American policy will be maintained." A top French official worried privately about "the men around Kennedy—they seem overexcited about Africa and Asia. There's no one with a close connection with the European problem." But the French generally welcomed what they thought would be new initiatives from

Kennedy's support of the Eisenhower position. Perhaps the most unblinking reaction came in South Viet Nam, where just before last week's coup, Foreign Minister Vu Van Mau showed newsmen a copy of Kennedy's book, *The Strategy of Peace*, flipped it open to page 63 and pointed to a passage he had underlined in red, calling for more aid to South Viet Nam.

Some neutral-leaning countries wandered down more romantic trails. Bumbled the *Ceylon Observer*: "A new generation has now taken command. It is their destiny that the Nassers, the Nkrumahs, the Castros and the Kennedys will shape." All over Latin America, despite Kennedy's interventionist threat in Cuba (snapped Castro's official newspaper *Revolucion*: "Four years of his illiteracy"), his victory was hailed jubilantly as "a return to the policies of Franklin Roosevelt." In India and Malaya, neutralist Kennedy fans thought he really favors, as they do, recognition of Red China.

The Choice. Everybody anxiously awaited Kennedy's choice for Secretary of State. Pakistan, for instance, shuddered (and India glowed) at the thought of Chester Bowles, once Ambassador to India and an ardent Nehru supporter. Adenauer deeply distrusts Adlai Stevenson.

No chief of state would feel really satisfied about Kennedy himself until he saw him across a conference table. Adenauer and West German Socialist Leader Willy Brandt, who will probably face each other in Germany's own election next year, let it be known that they just happened to be planning trips to the U.S. shortly after inauguration. Other leaders, equally curious, would probably soon be in line. Kennedy himself has indicated that he plans a minimum of gallivanting around abroad.



Cummings—London Daily Express
KENNEDY: A BRITISH VIEW

Washington, and Charles de Gaulle fired off a telegram that began "Welcome, Dear Partner."

Britain mourned the passing of the close working relationship between Eisenhower and Macmillan, worried that Britain would lose some of its privileged status as the U.S.'s closest collaborator. British genealogists wistfully recalled that Kennedy's late sister Kathleen was the wife of the Marquess of Hartington, a nephew of Lady Dorothy. But the *Spectator's* editor, Ian Gilmour, predicted: "America under a Kennedy administration is going to be an exciting place. Europe will need monkey glands to keep up." One British official countered hopefully: "While the Prime Minister is older, we think he has a young mind."

Soundings. In the wake of the Quemoy-Matsu debate, Formosan officials even wore Nixon buttons on Election Day, and President Chiang Kai-shek drafted a congratulatory telegram for Nixon; next day, the officials talked with forced cheer about

COMMUNISTS The Winter-Garden Summit

Along the snow-banked road to Moscow's Vnukovo airport, the well-padded commissars of the Kremlin whizzed back and forth last week like commuting suburbanites. Day after day they rode in portly twosomes to welcome the Communist bosses of ten satellites. One afternoon a round dozen of them wheeled out, led by rotund Nikita Khrushchev, to greet the guest of honor, China's lean, scowling chief of state, Liu Shao-chi, 62. The presence of Liu and other rulers of Communist states barred from the U.N., as well as Communist Party chieftains from all around the world, made Moscow's gathering the biggest assemblage of Communist satraps since 1957, bigger by far than the convocation of satellite bosses that Khrushchev whistled up for the U.N. Assembly meeting in September.

Officially, the Red leaders had arrived in Moscow to help celebrate the 43rd anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution. Actually, they had been marshaled to re-

COMMUNIST RIVALS

Red China's Outward Leap

ALONG the main street of Rabat, the newsstands these days are plastered with copies of Peking's monthly picture magazine *China* in Spanish, Arabic and French—well printed but unrelievedly self-glorifying. In government offices in Rabat, Red Chinese experts discuss expansion of Morocco's tea production. In West Africa's Guinea, technicians from Peking are helping improve the rice yield. Cuban generals in Havana talk weapons and tactics with Chinese army officers. In backward Yemen, 2,000 Red coolies labor in the sweltering heat on a new highway for the Imam. No longer is Russia the sole voice or representation of Communism to the outside world. China's Mao Tse-tung is intent on showing the undecided, the needy and the restless that Russia is not the only Communist power that can offer aid and comfort.

The Challenge. Today Red China has diplomatic relations with 26 non-Communist countries, trade and economic ties with 45 more. Although its own economy barely makes ends meet, Peking even has a foreign-aid program of sorts. The planes into Red China are packed with foreign delegations from every corner of the globe: Cambodian educators to tour the schools, Japanese trade unionists to inspect the factories, South American left-wing journalists and youth leaders to see the banners and hear the speeches.

The junkets are free, the rice wine good, and the propaganda heady for the delegates of emerging young nations whose economic problems and recent revolutionary triumphs seem so similar to those Red China itself has experienced. Yellow skin is also an advantage in places where the classic colonialist enemy bears a clear Caucasian label. Feted in Peking two months ago, Guinea's Sékou Touré seemed more cordially at ease than he was on his later visit to Moscow.

When Red Chinese Ambassador to Cairo Chen Chia-kang arrived in Léopoldville last July to visit the new Patrice Lumumba government, he found an eager ally in Communist-leaning Vice Premier Antoine Gizenga. While Lumumba appealed to the Russians for planes and technicians, Gizenga asked the ambassador for arms and volunteers from China. Chen cautiously offered cash and advice instead, as his Peking colleagues have done in Guinea, Ghana and Morocco. For, though the Red Chinese might be prepared to stir up real strife later, their present limited goal in Africa seems to be quiet infiltration behind the scenes, to gain allies for Peking's struggle for world recognition.

Cables to Peking. In Latin America, where Red Chinese efforts have become spectacular in the past year, these aims are mixed with equal portions of outright subversion. Their base is Fidel Castro's Cuba, where Peking agents now operate a newspaper, show Chinese Communist movies at the biggest theaters, and harangue the 30,000 Havana Chinese (overwhelmingly sympathetic to Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalists) at streetcorner rallies. In Havana sits Kung Mai, Peking's manager in Latin America for Hsinhua, the New China News Agency. Kung Mai has constructed an intricate web of correspondents and "cultural representatives" through half a dozen major countries in South America. Kung's local correspondent in Buenos Aires now cables more wordage out of Argentina than any other foreign correspondent; through the Cuban embassy in Argentina, Kung's men dispense propaganda leaflets and arrange tours to China (120 visitors in 1958, 250 last year) for Argentine lawyers, doctors, newspapermen and artists. In Uruguay it all began in December 1958 with a Chinese circus. Then came the Sino-Uruguayan Cultural Association and the regular exchange of "cultural groups." Now the government is under heavy pressure from liberal groups to vote for China's admission to the United Nations.



GUINEA'S SÉKOU TOURÉ & MAO TSE-TUNG IN PEKING

A Song of Coffee. In Bolivia, the Czech embassy distributes Peking's propaganda and possibly cash, and the head of the Bolivia's Miners Union is now en route home from China, sending back to local papers a series of flowery articles of praise. Brazil is a major target, and hundreds of prominent Brazilian leftists have gotten the red-carpet treatment in Peking. One of them is Francisco Julião, powerful leader of the Red-tinged Peasant Leagues, which battens on the misery of the rural millions in poverty-stricken northeast Brazil. After a Julião speech, the peasant poor now mutter grimly about land reform and sing, "What harm is there in a ship/Carrying our common Brazilian coffee/And selling it to a China/Where there is no Chiang Kai-shek?"

In most key areas of the world, China's efforts are still overshadowed by Russia, but Peking is clearly struggling for a separate identity. In the Middle East, where Mao's recognition of the Algerian rebel government helped to woo Arab sentiment, Hsinhua has displayed Tass as the chief fountainhead of Communist "news." This year for the first time Red China set up its own big separate industrial exhibition in Baghdad. Many Iraqi nationalists say that it was Peking's Communist agents, not Russia's, who whipped up the local Reds to bloody excesses in the 1958 uprisings. Egypt's Nasser clearly prefers Russians just now, but the Chinese still maintain a large embassy in Cairo and 30 "newspapermen." In 1958 the crown prince of little Yemen came back from the standard junket to Peking with a \$16 million long-term loan for construction of a textile plant and a modern highway over the mountains to the desert interior. In the city of Taiz, Red China is building a three-story legation, which will be the biggest diplomatic structure in town.

Red China's ideological dispute with Russia has caused inevitable strains within Communist parties of many a land. From India, where Mao's border forays have produced a chill in Sino-Indian relations, rumors filter out that the local Red leaders are split wide open, most of them reportedly favoring Moscow. Though North Viet Nam's Ho Chi Minh owes the Chinese a debt for their help in the war that won him his country, he threw his support to Khrushchev and "peaceful coexistence" at the recent Bucharest conference.

Anti-Chinese feeling in Indonesia has frustrated the Chinese, aided the Russians. Under Peking's frightening shadow, Thailand's sturdily pro-Western Marshal Sarit has banned all trade with Red China, but last week accepted an offer of technical aid from Soviet Ambassador Anatoly Nikolaev. But in Burma and Cambodia, both neutralist and nervous, proximity favors Mao's Chinese. Both have taken aid from Peking, are heavily infiltrated with Peking's busy agents. North Korea has used the rivalry to pit one Communist giant against the other, eliciting bids from both.

Just now, the Russians can always outbid the Chinese. They have the power and the wealth. But the Chinese like to talk in centuries where others think in decades.

affirm the primacy of Soviet leadership at a "Red summit," and thereby head off a power struggle between Peking and Moscow.

As he stepped from the Soviet jetliner at Vnukovo, Chairman Liu raised his arms in salute to Chairman Khrushchev. But on the eve of Liu's departure, Peking had seized on the pretext of the publication of a fourth volume of Mao Tse-tung's selected works to print an "introduction" by General Fu Chung, in which the general pointedly quoted old Mao dicta on war and peace and, inferentially, challenged Khrushchev's favorite doctrine of peaceful coexistence. "Political power grows out of the barrel of a gun," quoted Fu. "Politics is war that sheds no blood while war is bloodshedding politics." Against the fearful power of nuclear arms, Fu spoke for the masters of 670 million Chinese: "It is man who is the leading and decisive factor. Though atom bombs have huge and destructive power, they will never be able to occupy territories or settle a fight. The issue of a future war will not be decided by guided missiles or atom bombs. It will be decided by man."

"Peace Is Inevitable." An icy drizzle fell next morning as Chairman Liu stood beside Khrushchev and Soviet War Minister Rodion Malinovsky atop the Lenin-Stalin tomb to review the traditional parade through Red Square. The military parade lasted eight minutes, just long enough to flaunt a thumping train of Russian rockets, including a slim newcomer called the Silver Needle, which the Soviet press claimed was the kind that downed U.S. Pilot Francis Powers' U-2 last spring.

At the reception that followed, Khrushchev proclaimed: "Peace is inevitable. War will not help us reach our goal—it will spoil it. We must rest on the position of coexistence and nonintervention, and eventually Communism will be in force all over the earth." Offering toast after toast,

Khrushchev seemed in high spirits. "They say that in the Congo the Soviet Union was beaten," he cried. "We say those who laugh last laugh best."

Leadership Is Indivisible. Then Khrushchev set his glass down and led Liu and 46 other Communist chieftains up the stairs to the Kremlin's green-tiled Winter Garden Room to open his "Red summit" meeting. He had tried in vain to arrange a compromise at the Bucharest meeting last June. He had gone to lengths that flabbergasted Westerners, Afro-Asians and apparently even his own comrades at the U.N. to show that he could comport himself as militantly as any Peking proponent of revolutionary violence. Now, presumably convinced that anything but peaceful coexistence is suicidal for Soviet Russia, he had dug in his heels, demanded that all Communists acknowledge his truth—and his supremacy—in ideology as in strength in the Communist world.

A paper had been drafted, and it was unlikely that Liu had gone to Moscow except to sign it. Yet whatever the words that papered over the rift between Moscow and Peking, victory had palpably eluded Khrushchev. Mao Tse-tung, China's No. 1 Communist and the senior theorist of the Communist world, had stayed in Peking (where last week he issued the usual dutiful acknowledgment that the Soviet Union "heads the Socialist camp"). By his absence, Mao deprived Khrushchev of acquiescence at the one point where acquiescence counts decisively in the Communist faith—at the summit itself.

FRANCE

New Course

"Now is the time for all who fear sea-sickness to take to the lifeboats. The rest of you must cling to the mast." In these ringing quarter-deck tones, President Charles de Gaulle last week warned

his ministers that he had set a course into the eye of the storm. His decision: to speed a solution toward an "Algerian republic." The U.S. had just elected a President who in 1957 stirred up a flurry in France by declaring that "the independence of Algeria" was "the essential first step" in North Africa. The Algerian rebels are pressing Morocco hard to grant passage in the next three or four weeks to the first shipments of arms and "technicians" from Red China. France itself seemed suddenly at its nerves' end over a war that has eaten at its vitals for six years.

The Wreckers. Storm clouds could be seen gathering. In protest at De Gaulle's new course, André Jacomet, No. 2 man in the Algerian civil government, handed in his resignation. De Gaulle's response was decisive. Ignoring Jacomet's resignation, De Gaulle ordered him dismissed from his post and suspended his membership in the elite Council of State. After that, other officials in Algeria who had been muttering about resigning fell abruptly silent.

But on Armistice Day, Algiers erupted in the worst rioting since the January insurrection. Shouting "De Gaulle to the gallows" and "the paratroopers to Paris," a crowd of 5,000 students and settlers wrecked buses, smashed windows, and fought a pitched battle with police. To clear the streets of demonstrators, police charged again and again, swinging rifle butts and truncheons. The rioters threw stones, pavement blocks and tin cans until dispersed by tear gas. Regrouping a few blocks on, the mob swept down on the U.S. Information Service office and wrecked it for the second time in two years. By the time darkness halted the fighting, 100 were wounded, including 70 cops.

In Paris, President de Gaulle rode through a cheering crowd of 45,000 to lay an armistice wreath at the tomb of France's Unknown Soldier under the Arc de Triomphe. But police headed off a possible riot only by rounding up 1,900 demonstrators, and De Gaulle's old comrade in arms, Algerian-born Marshal Alphonse Juin, refused to take part in the Arc de Triomphe ceremonies. "I had to do something to protest," cried Juin, who is France's only living marshal. His gesture placed France's most influential soldier beside such disaffected army chieftains as the former commander in Algeria, General Raoul Salan. Ordered by De Gaulle to stay out of Algeria, Salan has gone to Spain for "a vacation," last week summoned reporters to his seaside hotel in San Sebastián to declare: "The time of false retreats has ended. A categorical no to this Algerian Algeria."

The Survivors. As the weather thickened, De Gaulle was reported ready to put the question of Algerian peace to a referendum in France. At week's end he sent Defense Minister Pierre Messmer and Armed Forces Chief General Paul Ely to Algeria to survey prospects for a unilateral cease-fire and to inform the army that the destination is ultimately an independent republic.



POLICE & RIOTERS IN ALGIERS
At the storm center, fanaticism and paving stones.

Associated Press

MIDDLE EAST

Plain Talk

To non-Moslems, Arab leaders often seem more interested in bemoaning lost glories and nursing old grudges than in attacking the problems of the day. Last week Pakistan's Moslem President Mohammed Ayub Khan arrived in Cairo and, throwing away a diplomatically phrased set speech, delivered the sharpest criticisms of Moslems by a Moslem heard in many a year.

Ayub spoke plainly on his view of the long-festered problem of refugees along the Israeli border, where more than a million Palestinians—those who fled or were ejected by Israel, and the children born to them since—still inhabit squalid detention camps in Jordan, Syria and the Gaza Strip. The Arabs have let the U.N. look after them, arguing that to provide the refugees with permanent homes and jobs would seem to be acquiescing in the existence of Israel. Ayub remarked pointedly that after partition, his own Pakistan made room for 9,000,000 Moslem refugees from India, and did it without asking or expecting outside help in shouldering the cost.

Moslems should ask themselves, said Ayub Khan, why "all over the world the Moslem communities are the most backward and most uneducated." He answered his own question: Because the Islamic culture let slip its "earlier dynamism," relapsed into "conformism, superficiality and superstition." Said Ayub Khan: "The kingdoms and crowns which the Moslems have lost in the course of history are far less important than the kingdom of the free and searching mind, which they have lost through intellectual stagnation."

Sharing the platform with him, Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser as usual blamed all the Moslem world's problems on "imperialists." Ayub disagreed. Parliamentary government failed in Egypt and Pakistan, he said bluntly, "through no fault of that system. I say, it was our fault. We were not yet ready."

Later, when a Cairo journalist self-importantly asked what Afro-Asians might do to compel the big powers to get together to end the cold war, the Pakistan President said crisply: "The best thing we can do is to behave peacefully among ourselves and stop disturbing each other's peace. All Asians and Africans are not angels, you know."

SOUTH VIET NAM

Revolt at Dawn

In Saigon's yellow stucco Freedom Palace, South Viet Nam's President Ngo Dinh Diem woke with a start. Mortar shells were falling on the lawn, and paratroopers were assaulting the palace gate.

Tough, zealously anti-Communist Ngo Dinh Diem, 59, had been in tight spots before; he kept his nerve. From guard posts on the grounds and from within the building, Diem's two loyal battalions of palace guards gave as good as they got, turning back truckload after truck-



PRESIDENT DIEM & FAMILY*
At the palace, relatives and mortar shells.

load of insurgents trying to charge the gate to the grounds. Diem himself repaired to a radio station that he had thoughtfully installed for just such emergencies. "A group of junior officers revolted at 3 a.m.," he announced. "Liaison with my provincial commanders is temporarily disrupted." He ordered reinforcements to move on Saigon. Then he sat down and prepared to wait it out.

Civilian Stunts. In the streets outside, bullets whined overhead and sprayed against trees and buildings. But a crowd of curious Saigonese nevertheless sandered up to watch. An old woman riding by in a taxi was hit and killed; her body was dumped near the palace wall. To cheers from the crowd, daredevil youngsters ran out to drag wounded rebel soldiers back to safety.

At 8 a.m. the paratroopers brought up three armored cars and two weapons carriers, which slowly circled the palace grounds, blasting away at the guardhouses. Later, four tanks rumbled up and joined the battle, and an ancient 25-pounder, wheeled into action by the rebels, shrouded the scene in black smoke. At noon the paratroopers marshaled a big crowd of civilians and told them to march on the palace. The crowd got as far as the gate, but, when firing broke out from the palace, turned and ran.

Ivory Tower. From his command post near by, Lieut. Colonel Vuong Van Dong, 39, who declared himself "*chef de coup d'état*," explained what the fighting was all about: "We want to end politics in the army." The rebels' complaint was that Diem's interference was hamstringing the army's efforts to wipe out Communist terrorism. Chimed in a paratroop captain: "All Diem has done in six years in office is indulge in nepotism. He has generals who don't even command a company. He lives in an ivory tower surrounded by his family, so we must depose him. If we allowed things to continue, it is obvious that in a year this country would go Communist."

By midafternoon, with some 20 people already dead, Ngo Dinh Diem still held out in his barricaded palace. Emissaries shuttled back and forth between the two sides. Diem offered to fire his Cabinet but

refused the rebel demand that he resign. Diem's stubborn courage began to pay off. Marine, infantry and commando units moved into the city and, after wavering all night, declared their loyalty to him. Outmanned, the paratroopers fled. When a throng of civilians advanced on the palace waving "Diem Must Go" signs, the pro-Diem marines fired point-blank into the packed crowd, killing at least six and wounding dozens. Colonel Dong tried to flee aboard a DC-3 but was forced down and captured.

Stren Tactics. All Vietnamese recognize that unbending President Ngo Dinh Diem is the father of his country, acknowledge that without him the whole nation would have fallen to the Communist Viet Minh. With more than \$1 billion in U.S. aid to help, he has policed the 17th parallel border with Communist North Viet Nam, resettled nearly a million refugees from the north, started ambitious road, railway and land-reform projects.

But he has not solved the problem of Communist terrorism. A fortnight ago an American police adviser was gunned down in broad daylight on a main road near the sea resort of Cap Saint-Jacques; he was one of the 800 soldiers and civilians who fall to the Communist terrorists every month in South Viet Nam. Three weeks ago emboldened Viet Minh guerrillas struck into South Viet Nam by way of chaotic Laos, engaged Diem's army in pitched fighting for a week. Pleading the Communist threat, Diem has ruled with rigged elections, a muzzled press, and political re-education camps that now hold 30,000. His key—and prosperous—advisers are four brothers and a pretty sister-in-law. The twin frustrations of dictatorship and an unending war eventually turned the paratroopers to revolt.

Diem seems to have won out again. The conditions that brought on the revolt remained.

* From left: Diem; Brother Ngo Dinh Nhu and Wife (known throughout Viet Nam as Mme. Ngo); Brother Ngo Dinh Thuc (Roman Catholic Bishop of Vinhlong); Madame Ngo Dinh Luyen (wife of Diem's brother Luyen).



CITY OF VICTORIA & HARBOR
Cradled by terraced hills, jade, junk and Suzie Wong.

HONG KONG

The Fragrant Harbor

[See Cover]

The cluster of green, sugar-loaf islands huddles close to the China coast. As the jet airliner glides in, sunlight reflects from the rippled sea, the brown batwing sails of Chinese junks turn in the wind. The travelers look down on rocky hills with terraced fields, deeply indented coves alive with sampans, a wide harbor carrying a honking traffic of freighters, tugs, barges and ferries.

The jet swoops past the great city rising from the water's edge toward the towering Peak—shipyards, smoking factories, villas drowned in gardens, balconied tenements, squatters' huts clinging to bare rock, bright new skyscrapers still wrapped in bamboo scaffolding. Coming in low over rooftops fluttering with blue and white laundry, the jet roars down upon the 8,000-foot runway of Kai Tak Airport. Thus, last week, another plane-load of tourists landed amid the sights, sounds, smells and bracing excitement of Hong Kong.

Danger Zones. The jet age has narrowed the vast Pacific Ocean to a sleeper jump. Bustling Hong Kong, served by 1,000 flights a month, is 14 hours from San Francisco, only 18½ hours over the North Pole from New York City. The Far East used to be the domain of the reckless adventurer or the traveler who could afford the money and leisure for a two-month cruise. Now Tokyo, Bangkok and Hong Kong are as accessible as Paris, Rome or London. Ten thousand tourists

a week pour into the Orient, and many, traveling economy class, pay as little as \$1,500 round trip.

Travel in Europe follows well-worn paths in and out of cathedrals, galleries, great museums and famous restaurants. The U.S. visitor is culturally never very far from home. But the Far East is a plunge into the strange and unfamiliar. Music suddenly becomes an atonal screeching; men bow instead of shaking hands, sit cross-legged on the floor to eat dinner and mostly wear twisted cloths or even skirts instead of trousers. The straight lines of Western architecture are replaced by curlicues and curves; landscapes become shrouded in Oriental mist; night sounds have an uneasy difference. And poverty is not a shabby destitution but something as stark, as cruel and as immediate as death.

Different Faces. The Far East has nearly as many different faces as it has gods. Some tourists try to capture its flavor by slipping into Japanese kimonos and sleeping on the *tatami* floors of Kyoto inns, where Kannon, the goddess of mercy, dreams among the maple trees. They go as pilgrims to the Great Buddha of Nakamura or, if they get as far as Southeast Asia, stand in awed silence at Angkor, whose 40 square miles of ruins in the Cambodian jungle are about all that remain of the ancient 8th to 11th century Khmer civilization.

Other tourists follow a different vision: that of the slender, small-boned and submissive women of the East who have long haunted the imagination of the West. They are visible in the statuary, paintings

and bas-reliefs of a thousand temples, in the ceremonial dancers who weave their intricate and flowing patterns in palace courtyards, in shops and streets and paddies, or bathing with modest nudity in roadside canals. Most famed are the tawny bare beauties of Bali and the tiny, remote girls of Solo in Indonesia. For those who wish to pursue the investigation more intimately, Manila has an infinitude of dance halls and brothels. Tokyo provides beautiful girls in endless, well-displayed quantity from the nude chorus line at Nichigeki Music Hall to brassy burlesque shows complete with U.S.-style striptease. Tokyo, like Paris, is the place for a gay night out. Like Paris, it can also be ruinously expensive.

There are some tourists who find Asia an endless torment. They are dismayed by ramshackle hotels, the stupefying odors of human sweat and excrement, the maddening delays and disappointments caused by the faulty Asian time sense. The special quality of the East must be searched for, and tourists who lack energy spend their hours sitting in dank hotel lobbies in Rangoon or Nara or Kuala Lumpur wondering why their travel agents sent them there.

Kamikaze Taxis. But from Tokyo in the north to Colombo deep in the Indian Ocean, governments and businessmen are frenziedly trying to please all types of tourists. New resorts are being built and old ones modernized. In Japan, baseball, amusement parks and horse racing compete with such traditional attractions as the drum pounding, seasonal festivals in honor of dolls, hollyhocks, chrysanthemums and cherry blossoms. Tokyo, the world's largest city, has more bars and coffee houses than Rome and Paris put



Stanley Korman

HONG KONG STREET

Also noodle fortunes and firecrackers.



NEW DELHI'S Ashoka Hotel is large, lavish and luxurious. Built at Nehru's order in 1956, monumental pink and white sandstone structure is booked solid through January.

INDIAN MUSICIANS play native instruments in richly muralled, air-conditioned Ashoka dining room, which seats 500 in comfort. The sale of liquor with meals is prohibited.

T. S. SATYAN

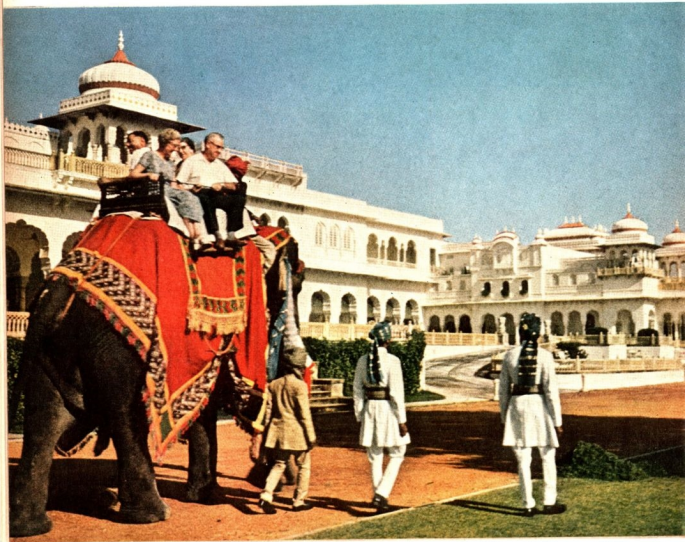


BANGKOK'S Oriental Hotel, set beside Chao Phraya River, combines original 73-year-old mansion with a high modern wing topped by roof restaurant.

UDOM YENKUDI



JAIPUR'S Rambagh Palace Hotel is maharajah's converted palace, offers tourists tennis and golf along with elephant rides and tiger hunts.



SINGAPORE'S Raffles Hotel, famed in legend and spy dramas since it was built in 1888, is now largely air-conditioned, but remains citadel of British tuans sipping their stengahs.

T. S. SATYAN—LIFE



TANWUNLONG

LOUIS RENAULT



TAIPEI'S Grand Hotel, erected on site of former Shinto shrine, maintains Western

standards, has top Chinese cooks, is favorite stopover for VIPs visiting Formosa.



JAPAN'S Kowaki-en Hotel in Hakone, built on hillside within view of Fujiyama, is favorite resort hotel for both Japanese and American travelers. Building was designed by Architect Junzo Yoshimura on site dotted with hot springs.

JUN WICK

RESTAURANT in Japan's Kowaki-en Hotel divides dining room into traditional section (rear), specializing in such delicacies as boiled lotus root and octopus salad, and Western section, which features steak and fried chicken.





Henri Cartier-Bresson—Magnam
JAVANESE COURT DANCER
Echoes of a timeless past.

lit Wanchai quarter—the world of Suzie Wong—dodging red rickshaws and the green, double-decker tramcars. There are bars and bar girls on every corner, big dance halls, and at Typhoon Shelter, prostitutes perched on the deck of sampans call their wares to passing sailors along the quay. But Hong Kong night life is hardly wild in the old Shanghai tradition and barely compares with that of present-day Tokyo or Manila.

Thieves' Market. Evenings, most tourists ride the funicular railway up the 1,800-foot Peak, which was once the exclusive citadel of British taipans and has a view of sea, sky and islands that puts the Bay of Naples to shame. They go to the floating restaurants at the fishing village of Aberdeen, where patrons select the live fish that will be served them at dinner. Between bouts of shopping, visitors wander amid the outlandish statuary of the Tiger Balm Garden or prowl the stairway streets above Queen's Road and look into the thieves' market of Cat Street, where Chinese antiques from the mainland are sold at bargain prices because they cannot be brought into the U.S., which still maintains a total embargo on all goods from Red China. The antiques (many of dubious antiquity) are often bought by British and Italian dealers, shipped to Europe, and then imported into the U.S. without needing a "certificate of origin."

A "must" tour is the 20-mile drive from Kowloon through the New Territories to the border with Red China, marked by a barbed-wire fence and a few Communist soldiers in mustard-colored uniforms at the frontier station on the Kowloon-Canton railway. Looking across the border at the blue hills and rounded mountains of China, the tourist feels the mystery of the unknown and unknowable, the amorphous weight of 670 million humans whose purposes and aims remain hidden. His mood is very like that of the

16th century Europeans who first set foot in China and stared with wild surmise at the Manchu Empire lying hugely between sleep and waking.

No Rhubarb. In the ancient, changeless East, Hong Kong is remarkable for youth. When it was founded in 1841, Chicago was already a city, and New Orleans had been an important seaport for more than a century. Hong Kong's difficult birth resulted from a clash of wills between Britain's eager merchants and the mandarin aloofness of the Manchu court. The West desperately wanted the tea and silk of China; China wanted chiefly to be left alone.

The only Western commodity that interested the Chinese mandarins was gold, and the China trade might have drained all the gold out of Europe if shrewd merchants like Jardine, Matheson, Dent and Joseph Henry had not found a substitute currency in opium grown in British India. They were soon landing the drug in the Pearl River estuary at the rate of 6,000,000 lbs. a year. They defended themselves morally by calling opium "a harmless luxury and precious medicine except to those who abuse it," while taking the business line that if they did not sell it to the Chinese, someone else would.

The Chinese government reacted with moral lectures ("It is wrong to make a profit out of what is harmful to others") and threatened to ban the sale of rhubarb to Europeans, relying on the firmly held Chinese belief that all foreigners, and especially the English, would die of constipation if deprived of rhubarb's laxative qualities.

These measures failing, the imperial government seized and burned the British opium stocks at Canton. In the Opium War that followed, the primitive Chinese navy was blown to pieces and its feudal armies scattered. Under the peace treaty, the humiliated Emperor had to permit free trade at five Chinese ports, pay an

indemnity of \$21 million, and give to the British "a large and properly situated island" off the coast. "From which Her Majesty's subjects in China may be alike protected and controlled."

Amusing Choice. The island selected by the British plenipotentiary, Sir Henry Pottinger, was Hong Kong (Fragrant Harbor). It was so barren and lacking in water that even the Chinese considered it uninhabitable. Pottinger's choice aroused derision in London, where "Go to Hong Kong" became a euphemistic form of cussing among fashionable ladies. And Queen Victoria wrote a friend: "Albert is so much amused at my having got the island of Hong Kong."

Hong Kong's warehouses were soon piled high with opium, and some 80 clipper ships smuggled the drug to Chinese dealers along the 4,000-mile coast of the mainland. Reckless men poured in from every land. When the potent Hongkong & Shanghai Banking Corp. was founded in 1864, it was backed by 14 different firms—British, American, German, Indian, Turkish, Danish—and its first manager was a Frenchman. A British visitor warned that "anyone compelled to come by duty to Hong Kong should have a stout heart and a lively trust in the mercy of God."

Though opium was not officially outlawed in Hong Kong until 1945, the merchant taipans gradually shifted to less questionable ways of making money. Creating nothing itself, Hong Kong became a vast free port and shipping point. The colony expanded to the Kowloon Peninsula in 1860 and took the New Territories on a 99-year lease from China in 1898. Every disorder on the mainland increased the power and population of Hong Kong. By the turn of the century, 230,000 Chinese were residents; in the 1930s, the chaos caused by Japan's invasion of China brought in a million refugees. On Dec. 8, 1941, the Japanese dive-bombed Kai Tak Airport. Hong Kong's garrison surrendered



SHOW AT TOKYO'S NICHIGEKI THEATER
More visible in the bas-reliefs.

John Lounsbury—Black Star



John Lounis—Black Star
JAPANESE GEISHA & GUEST
An endless variety.

to the Japanese on Christmas Day, 1941—exactly 100 years after the British had founded the colony.

Master Stroke. At war's end, Hong Kong was a wreck. Its harbor facilities had been destroyed by bombings, and two-thirds of its population had fled. The colony was flooded with worthless currency called "duress notes," which the Japanese had forced the Hongkong & Shanghai Banking Corp. to issue. The British acted boldly; with the help of the local government and the Bank of England, the corporation redeemed every duress note at face value—an operation costing \$30 million. "A master stroke," sighed one relieved financier. "Nothing did more to restore Hong Kong's prestige so quickly."

Hong Kong was soon back in business as the world's most famous free port, where German cameras cost less than they do in Germany, Swiss watches less than in Switzerland. British merchants quickly rebuilt their trade networks throughout the Orient. Between 1946 and 1948, trade doubled. By 1950, it doubled again. Population grew nearly as fast. Refugees fleeing the Red conquest of China choked Hong Kong with 3,000,000 people. Britain, largely in Hong Kong's interest, recognized Red China, and at first the bargain seemed to pay off, since by 1951, exports to the Communist mainland rose to \$280 million annually.

But with the entry of Red Chinese "volunteers" into the Korean war, the bubble burst. The United Nations embargo on the export of strategic commodities to the mainland was scrupulously enforced in Hong Kong. Deprived of trade with China, the colony seemed ready to sink into obscurity.

Transportation. Hong Kong was saved by its Chinese refugees. Most of them were desperately poor, but among them were Shanghai businessmen and industrialists. Overseas Chinese, frightened by the rising nationalism of the newly independ-

ent countries of Southeast Asia, brought their families and their money to the safety of Hong Kong. Soon they were investing in everything from laundries to new hotels. They set up factories first in cellars, then in empty stores, finally in new-built plants. In ten years, they transformed Hong Kong from simply a trading center and transshipment depot into the fastest-growing industrial city in the Far East. Ten years ago, 90% of Hong Kong's income was from the re-export of goods produced somewhere else—in Britain, Germany, Japan, India, Red China. This year, 75% of its exports are goods manufactured by the colony's humming factories and enterprises. The U.S. has become Hong Kong's major customer, taking 18% of its exports, followed by Britain. Ex-



Jim Burke—Life
TOURIST IN NEPAL
A tinkling temple bell.

ports to Red China have dwindled to an inconsequential 3%.

Chinese Fashion. The transformation was confused, typically Chinese, and as free as enterprise can get. Typical was the story of one Adrian R. Wu, who fled from Shanghai with his wife in 1949. Wu speculated briefly in gold and put his profit into a toy factory. It failed. Undaunted, Wu borrowed money from an uncle and started another factory making plastic buttons, which became a modest success and was sold to an eager buyer. In all his operations, Wu maintains a series of loose partnerships with other Chinese businessmen, who in turn have partners of their own. Thus A, B and C deal in textiles; A, D and E are in toys; B, F and G make flashlights; C, D, F, H, and an unknown American with U.S. outlets set up an underwear factory. When Wu heard that Italian-made plastic flowers were the rage in New York at \$2 to \$4 each, he got together some "partners," obtained a sample flower from a U.S. importer and, with a borrowed mold and a truckload of poly-

ethylene, began making similar flowers which now sell briskly for 50¢ to 75¢ in U.S. supermarkets.

Expiring Lease. The British still run Hong Kong and still control its banks and commercial enterprise. But the industrial millionaires are seldom British. Some of the top entrepreneurs:

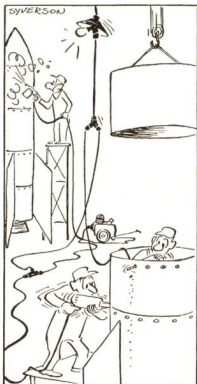
¶ Kansas-born Linden Johnson, 46 (no relation to Vice President-elect Lyndon Johnson), served with the U.S. Air Force in India, Burma and China, took his discharge overseas in 1948, and was trapped by the Red Chinese when they captured Shanghai. Released in 1950, Johnson arrived in Hong Kong "so busted he didn't have a bed to sleep in." Becoming the partner of a Chinese friend, Johnson rented factory space, hired a few score workers and began production of high-fashion women's clothes trademarked Dynasty. He now has a large factory in Kowloon, a showroom in the Peninsula Hotel and exports his clothes around the world. "A lot of guys come out here exploring," says Johnson, "but there's a general reluctance to stay and ride herd on the operation. And that's the only way to make it work."

¶ Soft-spoken Chen Che Lee, 49, began operations in Hong Kong in 1946 with a small textile mill and 150 workers. Today his 5,000 employees work three shifts daily producing 150,000 pajamas and blouses a month. In 1956 he sold a million dollars worth of clothes in the U.S.; last year his American exports totaled \$12 million.

¶ Piero Calcina, 63, is a small, jovial Italian who came to China after World War I to sell airplanes and moved down to Hong Kong in 1948. On Calcina's desk stand 19 direct-line telephones to Hong Kong banks. A licensed gold bullion dealer, his investments range from financing a jute mill in South Viet Nam to a



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TS-6

\$532,000 loan to U.S. Lawyer Roy Cohn to help him acquire control of the Lionel Corp. (TIME, April 18). Living in the comfortable Repulse Bay Hotel, Calina has an abhorrence of possessions, says of Hong Kong. "I don't want to own anything here. I learned my lesson in China."

As a colony, Hong Kong has personal freedom and uninhibited free enterprise but no trace of political democracy. The colony is run by the British governor, and only 20,000 specially selected citizens have any vote at all. Though U.S. President Franklin Roosevelt considered Hong Kong an embarrassing hangover from colonialism and twice urged Britain to return Hong Kong to Chiang Kai-shek's China, there is no irreconcilable sentiment among Hong Kong's Chinese, or even any agitation for independence. As they well know, an independent Hong Kong would be swallowed up by Red China in a matter of months.

Saving Usefulness. In Peking, Communist officials say casually: "We can take Hong Kong any time. But for the moment we do not think it necessary." Why not? The colony is not only unashamedly capitalist; it is also an escape hatch for thousands fleeing Red oppression on the mainland. Entire fleets of fishing junks have arrived at Hong Kong with their crews and families. Some desperate men have swum to safety; others escape by being packed like sardines under the floorboards of coastal ships.

The hard fact is that the crown colony of Hong Kong exists because and only because it is useful to both sides. It will continue to exist as long as it remains so. Hong Kong is worth its weight in hard currency to Red China. Last year Peking earned \$180 million with sales of food and textiles to Hong Kong, and in 1960 sales are running 10% higher. Communist agents cross the border easily and legally and use the colony as a base for political intelligence, propaganda, commercial and financial operations. The imposing, 17-story Communist Bank of China throws its shadow on such relics of British imperialism as the Hong Kong Club and the Cricket Club. The Reds also operate a tourist office, trade outlets, and a huge department store selling everything from canned dumplings to baseball bats.

For the West, Hong Kong is in many ways a better listening post than China itself, since in Peking, non-Communist diplomats and newsmen must live in a ghetto for foreigners. U.S. and European businessmen find Hong Kong a comfortable, efficient community where the telephones work, taxes are low, and communications with the rest of Asia ideal. The Hong Kong attitude was best defined by its former governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, when he said, "We are just simple traders who want to get on with our daily round and common task. This may not be very noble, but at any rate it does not disturb others."

Money Back. But when the colony's lease on the New Territories expires in 1997 the Communists can legally swallow nine-tenths of Hong Kong without lifting



Temple in Angkor

Strange gods and shrouded landscapes.

an aggressive finger. As a result, British and Chinese businessmen specialize in quick turnovers, usually siphon a percentage of their profits overseas. "We always get our money back in five years," says a conservative British merchant.

For all its factories and air-conditioned offices, its marble banks and Western ways, Hong Kong is still the Orient. A Chinese accountant educated at the University of Wisconsin audits his ledgers on an abacus. A Hankow Road doctor who graduated from Queen's College treats his patients with powdered tiger bone and cobra bile instead of sulfanilamides. Chinese speculators discuss deals in Chicago wheat futures and Sahara oil while lunching on sea slugs and "beggar's chicken," rolled in lotus leaves and baked in mud.

Tired Work Horse. The rest of Asia is only slowly coming to grips with the tourist flood. For example, Cambodia's magnificent ruins at Angkor are serviced by a single ramshackle hotel. Pagan, in central Burma, is famed for its collection of 5,000 Buddhist temples but it has no hotel at all.

But Hong Kong is energetically expanding its facilities. Last week eight new hotels were either complete or under construction. Work has started on an air terminal equipped to handle 550 passengers an hour. There is so much on sale so inexpensively (even Japanese businessmen complain that Japanese products sell for less in Hong Kong than they do at home) that many tourists go broke "saving money." Often they stagger away from Hong Kong with their stomachs full and their pocketbooks empty, gamely determined to see the other attractions of the Far East, but poorly equipped to do so. While Hong Kong lasts, its nimble businessmen and cool British governors are determined to see that the situation does not change.

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THE HEMISPHERE

COLOMBIA

Backlands Bolshevism

By horseback and on foot, 300 Colombian peasants in ponchos and floppy felt hats trekked through the jungles and coffee *fincas* to a settlement in the Andean backlands 25 miles outside Bogotá. The men carried leaflets: "Viva the organized masses!" A Red *caudillo*, Victor Julio Merchán, delivered a welcoming harangue, and the stubble-bearded troop responded with a clenched-fist salute. From an equally isolated redoubt not far to the east, a second Red band, commanded by Juan de la Cruz Varela, peddled at gunpoint 1 peso coupons bearing Lenin's picture and the appeal: "For a great Communist Party."

Lords of Upheaval. Called Viotá and Sumapaz, the two Red enclaves of backlands Bolshevism in Colombia have been in existence for years, making trouble for democracy in Latin America long before anyone heard of Fidel Castro. The rugged, roadless terrain offers little hindrance to guerrilla movements, while effectively blunting any military reprisal or concerted government program of building and social reform that might dilute Communist influence on the peasantry.

The two Red bosses, Merchán in Viotá, Varela in Sumapaz, are as much masters of their lands as any feudal lord. They fly a hammer-and-sickle flag, liquidate or banish dissenters, brainwash the populace with dinning P.A. systems, maintain their own efficient militia backed by arsenals that include machine guns and mortars.

They even collect their own taxes, currently set at 10% of harvests.

Fortunes & Murder. From his headquarters hamlet of Brasil, pudgy Victor Merchán, 52, wields power in a 5-sq.-mi. area, on the fringes of which anti-Communist coffee men patrol their land with rifles. Born of coffee-bean pluckers but now enjoying a fortune from his tax rake-off, Merchán studied two years in Moscow, returned to indoctrinate Colombians and, around 1930, incited peasants to overrun most of the area's coffee plantations.

More powerful still is wily, slit-eyed Juan de la Cruz Varela, 57, who bosses a 3,300-sq.-mi. state-within-a-state, polices Sumapaz with a 150-man cavalry. Anyone, even high central government officials, who wishes to cross Sumapaz must get Varela's safe-conduct pass. Varela calls himself agrarian reformer and has even got himself elected to Colombia's Congress on the votes of poverty-ridden peasants (3,741 Colombians died of starvation and malnutrition in 1958; 1,300,000 are landless today). But Varela's real job is keeping Communism's flag flying, no matter the cost. Last September a gang massacred four of Varela's brothers, all anti-Communists. Witnesses say the men who did the job looked very much like Varela's militiamen.

Symptom of Ills. Colombia's President Alberto Lleras Camargo, who wants to eradicate the Communist enclaves and push through roads and reform, has had little success so far. Neither the Colombian army, which fought well in Korea but has little taste for guerrilla warfare, nor the bureaucrats show much initiative.

Viotá and Sumapaz are symptomatic of Colombia's growing political ills. On the rise is an extreme left movement led by a fuzzy-minded, wealthy maverick from Lleras' own Liberal Party, Alfonso López Michelsen, who naively joined hands with the Communists in a popular front that won an alarming 307,215 votes in the last election. In Cali, one of several Communist pressure points, a Red mob yelling *vivas* for Castro burned a paper U.S. flag last week and danced on the ashes. Overriding all is the savage, never-ending backlands banditry and feuding that has killed an estimated 300,000 Colombians since 1948. Latest horror: marauders descended on a hamlet called El Hoyo, near La Victoria, a fortnight ago, lined up men and boys on a patio, shot 16 and chopped the heads off half a dozen.

What prevents necessary reforms in land, labor, taxes and the courts is petty politics-for-politics'-sake squabbling among the Liberal and Conservative parties. As a coalition President, Lleras, one of democracy's ablest exponents in Latin America, must spend 80% of his time placating politicians.

Last week, shuffling his Cabinet for the fourth time in two years to meet partisan demands for influential posts and watching a vital agrarian reform bill bog down in Congress, Lleras hinted that he might



"AGRARIAN REFORMER" VARELA
Well-armed and well-entrenched.

quit unless his pull-apart coalition starts pulling together. "The responsibility is not mine," said he wearily, "if partisan interests make impossible the constitutional mandate of governing with the two parties."

HAITI

Le Bon Blanc

During a strike in Le Havre in 1926, a 16-year-old French Communist roughneck named Roger Riou battled cops in the streets. Thrown into reform school, seemingly incorrigible, he soon taught the Marxist chief to 100 other inmates and then led them in an unsuccessful attempt to escape. That episode landed him in solitary confinement, manacled wrist and ankle. Last week, on Haiti's Ile de la Tortue (Turtle Island), Roger Riou was no longer fighting cops. Instead, he was ministering to the people's spiritual needs and physical ailments. The ex-kid brawler is now a Roman Catholic priest as well as a physician.

Marx v. Machetes. Roger Riou's father, a chef on the liner *Ile de France*, was a rabid Communist, his mother also a dedicated Red. So thoroughly did they train their child that Roger was selling the Communist newspaper *L'Humanité* on sidewalks at the age of nine. At twelve, he was militating in a Communist youth gang, apparently convinced on his own that Communism was the answer to mankind's problems. During the long hours of his stretch in solitary at reform school Roger began to doubt Red doctrine. Later, the sympathetic director of the school persuaded him that he could do more for humanity by becoming a priest than by passing out Communist pamphlets.

Appointed pastor of Ile de la Tortue in



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Bernard Diederich

DOCTOR-PRIEST RIOU & PATIENT
For voodoo, an ex-Communist remedy.

1947, Father Riou saw that the island's 12,000 inhabitants, living six miles from the mainland, had not even the barest medical facilities. On arrival he came across a peasant woman who, having given birth to twins, was cutting the umbilical cords with a machete. Riou opened a crude dispensary and was immediately swamped. He built a room with 15 floor mats on which the sick could lie. After returning to France for a fourth year of medical school to complete the training he had received as an army medic, Riou went back to Haiti and built a second hospital room. Since then, he has constructed wards for 70 patients, a 40-bed TB sanatorium, a mental ward, a maternity ward and an operating room. He even has a dentist's chair where he pulls teeth.

Sitting atop the 1,000-ft. hump that gives the island its name, Father Riou's Notre Dame des Palmistes mission hospital treats 9,000 patients each year for TB, leprosy, venereal disease and a catalogue of other ills. So many come from the mainland to be treated that an outpatient hostelry is being built for them.

Riou's staff is a French husband-and-wife doctor team, seven Swiss missionary nurses and ten Haitian nurses. The hospital spends \$1,000 a month, half from donations, half from patients who can pay (those who cannot are treated anyway). Its beds are always filled; 60 outpatients are treated daily, and there is a waiting line.

Medicine & Baptism. Riou's competitors are voodoo witch doctors, called *bo-cors*, whom some islanders still prefer. A few days ago, Riou barely saved an old man's life by stripping a voodoo bandage of rotten leaves from his dangerously infected foot and applying proper treatment. There are other superstitions. Once Riou asked a mother whether she had giv-



At certain times of the year we're reminded how well off we are—as Americans. The most heartfelt thanks of all often come from the head of the table—especially these days when being a family provider is no light responsibility. For past blessings, it is a time for gratitude. For the future, a time for high hopes and careful planning.

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BENEDICTINE

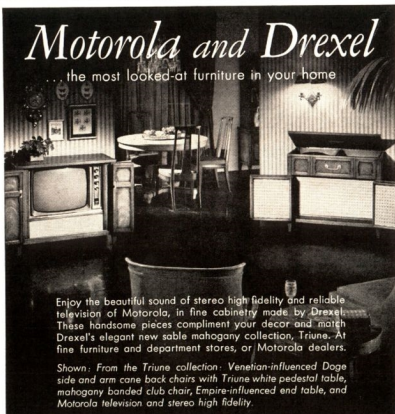
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Shown: From the Triune collection: Venetian-influenced Doge side and arm cane back chairs with Triune white pedestal table, mahogany banded club chair, Empire-influenced end table, and Motorola television and stereo high fidelity.

en her seriously sick baby medicine the hospital had provided. "No, Father," she replied, "Why not?" he asked. The cryptic reply: "He's not baptized yet." Haitian peasants consider a child before baptism only a brute animal on which medicines would be wasted. Riou gave the infant medicine on the spot, made an appointment to baptize it.

A florid-faced six-footer with crew-cut silver hair and bushy eyebrows, Riou rises with the predawn peal of his chapel bells, works a 17-hour day. He finds time to preach an hour-long sermon in Creole each Sunday. "Here all goes well," he wrote a friend recently. "Patients, as usual, are numerous." To Haitians, Father Riou is a "bon blanc"—good white man.

CANADA

Cutting Air Fares

"A travel revolution," editorialized the *Montreal Star*. "A stab in the back," groaned a U.S. airline official. "A death blow," conceded one Canadian railroadman. All were reacting in their own way to the announcement by Trans-Canada Air Lines and Canadian Pacific Air Lines that starting Jan. 2 all fares on continental flights of more than 600 miles will be slashed up to 25%. No longer, said the *Star*, would air travel in Canada be "considered the prerogative of the rich, the daring, or those on emergency missions."

The airline-fare cuts are the result of a year-long study by five top TCA executives. In response to President Gordon McGregor's desire to increase the number of travelers by decreasing the cost of traveling, the team re-examined the entire airline cost structure. They concluded that since take-offs and landings are the most expensive part of every flight (heavy fuel consumption, airport fees, ground expenses), fares should not be calculated on a straight price-per-mile basis. Instead, statisticians worked out a new cost curve that drops as flights get longer. Thus, round-trip flights from Montreal to Vancouver, now \$246, could be cut to as low as \$182, while the \$24 tab on the short Montreal-Toronto run should go up a few dollars.

Faced with government-owned Trans-Canada's decision, privately owned Canadian Pacific had no choice except to go along. Neither have the U.S. lines—including American, Eastern and United—that compete with TCA on routes between the two countries. Though U.S. carriers complain that TCA can chop fares only because it has government support, U.S. lines will probably have to follow suit to stay competitive (see *Business*). Bound to suffer: Canada's railroads, which already lose money on their cross-continent runs (one-way tourist fare, including a berth but no meals or extras: \$115.40). TCA Boss McGregor is not concerned about his competitors. "The lower we can keep fares without getting into a chronic deficit position," he says, "the better it will be for both TCA and the traveling public."



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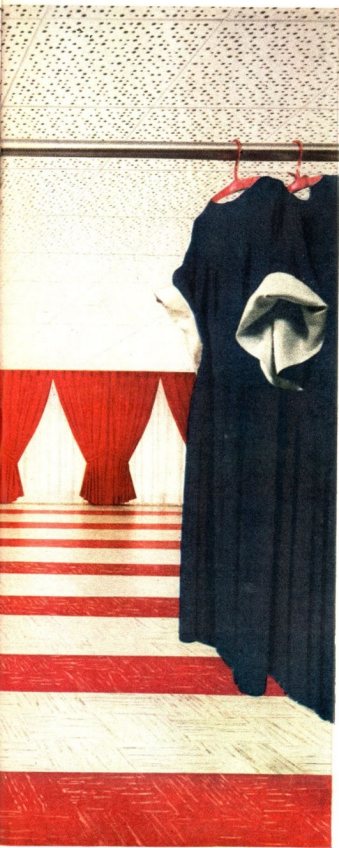
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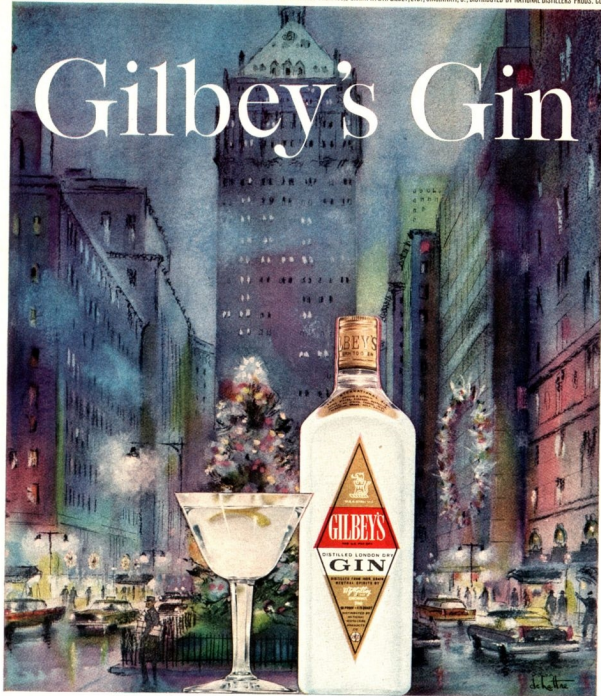
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PEOPLE

In the introduction to a recent anthology of his modest but knowledgeable speeches, Britain's **Prince Philip** shrewdly observes: "People would rather be bored than offended." In the past, oddly, Philip's own public relations have sometimes been more offensive than bore-some.* But he has recently shown more self-awareness of his snippy streak, as he demonstrated last week in a speech to Britain's General Dental Council. Defined Philip: "Dentopedalogy is the science of opening your mouth and putting your foot in it. I've been practicing it for years."

After suing A. & P. Heir **Huntington Hartford**, 48, for divorce on the ground of multiple adultery, Marjorie Steele Hartford, 31 and married to him for eleven years, was reported to be asking a world record \$25 million property settlement. The exact amount is a court secret because a Manhattan judge decided that the case and Marjorie's accusations should not be aired in public. Last week, however, Marjorie's attorneys came out in the open to ask for temporary alimony, and that amount was enough to bug the eyeballs of even such a wealthy chap as Hartford: \$1,000 a day.

Back in July, renowned Birth Controller **Margaret Sanger**, 77, took a suspicious look at Roman Catholic Presidential Nominee John Kennedy and dramatically announced that she would move out of the U.S.—lock, stock and devices—if he were elected. Last week she changed her mind, decided to give Kennedy's Administration

* Example: In 1958 he arrived at Gibraltar, whose best known inhabitants are its low-browed Barbary apes. Gazing at the welcoming committee, Philip loudly inquired: "Which are the press and which are the apes?"



OLD CRUSADER SANGER
Lock, stock and devices.

UPI



OLD BOY CHURCHILL AT HARROW
Long may fortune stay with the house.

Associated Press

a one-year trial before making any plans for expatriation. Reason: "Some of my friends who are also very close friends of Senator and Mrs. Kennedy have told me that they are both sympathetic and understanding toward the problem of world population."

It seemed a splendid idea to France's Minister of State for Cultural Affairs, Author **André Malraux**, to have the state pay retirement pensions for legitimate writers. Accordingly, Malraux went before France's National Assembly, asked for a 1961 pension budget of \$106,800. To determine who in France is really an author, Malraux applied the social security definition that a writer is one drawing at least 51% of his income from author's rights. To his dismay, Malraux found French letters in a sad state. Only 150 writers in all France qualified under the definition—and about 80% of these were either mystery-plotting hacks or vulgarizers of other works. Moaned he: "Who will deny that in this domain, statistics lead to the absurd? The problem of true writers would not have been resolved. There are many who, in order to live, must play a second trade." In his own second-trade capacity as a Cabinet minister, Writer Malraux made a painful decision: No writer, good or bad, will get a pension next year.

Even through the war years, **Sir Winston Churchill** always made his annual appearance at his old school of Harrow to be acclaimed as its most honored living Old Boy. His only absence since 1940 came four years ago, when he was downed by a bad cold. Some 650 young Harrovians last week serenaded him as his custom, once again brought a proud smile to Sir Winston's face as they sang the Latin

words of *May Fortune Stay with the House*, including the line, "Churchill's name shall win again."

Ill lay: Cinemactor **Clark Gable**, 59, bedded in Hollywood after a "slight" coronary thrombosis—four months before the expected arrival of his first born (by Fifth Wife Kay, 42, who also has a heart ailment); TV Impresario **Arthur Godfrey**, 57, rebounding after removal of a fatty tumor from his back in Manhattan, where doctors stated that it was unrelated to the lung cancer for which he underwent surgery last year.

In the 32 years since **D. H. Lawrence** wrote *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, her ladyship has been an adulteress without undue dishonor in her own land mainly because the unexpurgated version of her affair with literature's gamiest gamekeeper has never been legally available to British readers. The ban on Lawrence's four-letter specifics of illicit love was removed fortnight ago by a jury of nine men and three women who found *Lady Chatterley* not guilty of obscenity. Londoners last week converged on bookstores as the titillating tome went on sale for the first time. A Leicester Square book vendor peddled 1,300 copies in an hour after setting out a window placard reading "Lady C.—12 Sharp!" By evening of C-day, the paperback edition, priced at 50¢, was being hawked and sold by Soho scalpers for \$2.80. Among the many objectors to the literary sensation was Major Arthur Neve, secretary of Britain's Gamekeepers Association. Allowing that recruiting has shown no sudden jump, the major stiffly observed: "The sort of conduct that's mentioned by D. H. Lawrence—it's highly unprofessional, you know. My association couldn't stand for that."

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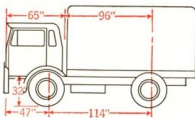


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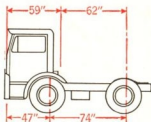
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WHITE

On the Nose

Britain's famed 18th century plastic surgeon John Hunter once summed up his professional philosophy in a single curt phrase: "Why not try?" Today's reputable plastic surgeon is less impetuous. Aware that he often operates within surgery's twilight zone—past the point of obvious physical need—he is inclined to weigh his would-be patients' motives. For advice in sticky cases, he may turn to a psychiatrist. Members of the American Society of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgery recently did just that when they invited Dr. Wayne E. Jacobson of the University of California at Los Angeles to discuss motives for the commonest cosmetic operation of them all: rhinoplasty, or "nose-bobbing."

Basing his report on a painstaking study of 120 patients at Baltimore's Johns Hopkins Hospital, Psychiatrist Jacobson said that women are generally better risks than men for rhinoplasty. His reason: male motives are usually more complex, reflect a larger degree of psychiatric disorder.

Identifying with Papa. Among women patients, Jacobson found a standard pattern: when children, they had rejected femininity as their mothers inadequately personified it, embraced masculinity as their amiable fathers represented it. Sometime during adolescence, they decided they wanted to be women after all. The resultant conflict, said Jacobson, was expressed by a sense of nasal deformity (even if a serious deformity did not exist), because the women identified their noses with those of their fathers, felt that they were distastefully masculine. Women patients often told Jacobson that their noses "would look better on a man's face"; a few went to considerable lengths to hide their profiles from view. Even among married women, Psychiatrist Jacobson found, success of the nose-bobbing operation depended a great deal on whether the patient's mother approved the result.

Women patients divided neatly into

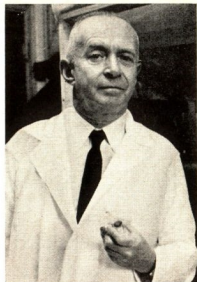
three groups, according to age. Those under 20 were nearly all Jewish, but their desire for nose-bobbing, said Jacobson, was motivated by a desire to avoid social stereotyping—not a denial of their religion. Patients between 21 and 30, on the other hand, were almost all Protestants; many had achieved professional success. Said Jacobson: "They came at a time when success in their chosen work highlighted a sense of frustration and block in their emotional capacity for dealing with courtship and marriage." Women over 30 also had a common motive: marital strain. "Correction of a longstanding sense of nasal deformity," said Jacobson, "is felt by these patients as a necessary preliminary to coping with the threat of depression evoked by their interpersonal difficulties."

Rage Toward Mama. The men were more difficult to type. Explained Jacobson: "Although their physical health had been good, the incidence of severe psychopathology was high." Most of them had an "unmastered, unconscious rage toward the mother" and were deprived of close companionship with their fathers. Their relations with women were characterized "by anxiety, inhibition and avoidance." Like the nose-bobbing woman, said Psychiatrist Jacobson, the man who seeks rhinoplasty hopes to look handsome. But he is less eager to change his own psychological outlook than to change that of others toward him.

Jacobson's conclusion: women's noses can be bobbed without much fear of psychic harm, even if their relatively minor psychological problems are overlooked. But men are prone to "put all their eggs in one basket"—the operation—and are likely to be disappointed, angered and even vindictive toward the doctor at the results.

How Nerves Work

Every muscular function of the human body is triggered by a small electrical current transmitted to the muscles through the nerves. Doctors have long assumed that a chemical reaction at the synapses

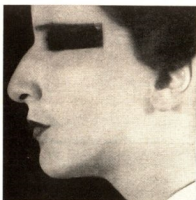


Manney Worman
BIOCHEMIST NACHMANSOHN
An obliging protein.

(the junctions between nerves) causes the impulses to flow through the nerves until—through junction after junction—they reach the muscles. But the chemistry of impulse transmission along the nerve fibers was not known. Last week Columbia University announced that Dr. David Nachmansohn and his colleagues in the university's Department of Neurology had found new evidence to support his 20-year-old theory of the biochemical reaction that lets a nerve carry a current, then shut it off.

By isolating a "receptor" protein, the Columbia biochemists proved that the same reaction that takes place at the synapse is repeated all along the length of the nerve. When a nerve is stimulated, a chemical called acetylcholine is released within the nerve. It combines with the receptor protein, causing an interchange of sodium and potassium ions. The ions in turn trigger release of more acetylcholine a bit farther along the line, letting the current advance. To turn off the signal, an enzyme, cholinesterase, is released that instantly destroys the acetylcholine in the nerve.

Identifying and relating the chemicals involved in this process has been Dr. Nachmansohn's life work. Four years ago, while studying cholinesterase, he stumbled on a chemical, nicknamed PAM, which proved an effective antidote to deadly nerve gases. Now his explanation of how nerves work offers insight into yet another obscure matter: how nerves are deadened by anesthesia. The discovery that such anesthetics as procaine and the Indian poison curare combine easily with the receptor protein, blocking the biochemical reaction, could lead to better anesthetics and more efficient drugs for treating disorders of the human nervous system. "One of the basic functions of human life is coming closer to being understood," said Dr. Nachmansohn.



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EDUCATION

Teachers' Strike

Can schoolteachers win public support and higher pay by going on strike like miners and dockers?

"We will win!" chanted 4,600 teachers as they hit the picket line last week in New York City. Circling 267 schools, they crippled junior highs, left students staring at blank blackboards in unattended classrooms (surprisingly little disorder resulted). Cried happy kids: "Hold that line!" The first teachers' strike in the city's history was called by the United Federation of Teachers, A.F.L.-C.I.O., which claims one-quarter of the 39,000 teachers in the nation's biggest urban public school system. The union had solid demands, from sick pay to duty-free lunch periods, but most of all it wanted collective bargaining rights. Therein lay the real issue. As one of 39 organizations representing New York teachers, the union sought to become the strongest.

The strike was illegal under New York State's never-used Condon-Wadlin Act, which outlaws strikes by public employees on pain of dismissal. But School Superintendent John J. Theobald did not invoke the law, instead suspended the strikers. Then Mayor Robert F. Wagner called in three top labor leaders, including the Garment Workers' Dave Dubinsky, to "mediate." Said one: "We pledge to the families of New York City that there will be no recurrence."

The strike lasted just one day. Theobald guaranteed no reprisals, but leaders of the teachers' union rumbled that the end was only "an honorable truce." Whether prelude or epilogue, the strike was a classic example of the dilemma facing U.S. teachers. To get needed gains in pay and treatment, they now have two rival organizations: the noncombative,

714,000-member National Education Association, which is mostly dominated by school administrators, and the aggressive, 60,000-member American Federation of Teachers, A.F.L.-C.I.O. As proved in New York last week, national labor chieftains—sensing the unpopularity of strikes that can be described as "against the children"—are not much interested in supporting teachers. What U.S. teachers really need is an overall professional organization to negotiate the demands that many citizens consider them entitled to.

Luck & Pluck

With the 1961 race to college already on their minds, two of the nation's most sought-after campuses sorrowfully got ready to be swamped:

Yale Law School's Dean Eugene V. Rostow is "seriously considering" a lottery to pick evenly matched applicants. In culling 250 entrants from 1,200 applicants, Yale Law has no trouble choosing 80 from the superior "A group." Problem is selecting 170 from the remaining "B group," all of them with equal marks. "Interviews only give you impressions," said Rostow. "I myself have no faith in my ability to interview an applicant and necessarily come up with the best prospect. Choosing them by lot would probably be fairer."

Dartmouth's Director of Admissions Edward T. Chamberlain Jr. said that "every admissions officer in the United States would give five years of his life" if he could use an IBM machine to cull freshmen. But no one has yet found the right punch-card formula. Chamberlain mused, a trifle sadly, in the *Saturday Evening Post*. "One wag predicts it is more likely we shall find a way to punch holes in the candidates and run them through the machines."

Wasted Talent

"Anger and urgency assail me," snaps Harvard College's Dean John Monro about a problem that roils educators across the country. It is the sad fact—and the underside of U.S. education—that hundreds of thousands of talented and sometimes brilliant youngsters not only lack the means to go to college but do not even aspire to go. Many among them are what sociologists gingerly call the "culturally deprived"—Negroes, Puerto Ricans, poor whites—who do not know that they are bright. Others are slum and farm kids ignored by crowded colleges because they go to "wrong" schools. (Of the nation's 26,500 high schools, a mere 5,000 produce 82% of all college students.) In a "rich and fat" country, says Harvard Dean Monro, "we just cannot sit cheerfully any more and watch good young minds by the thousands shrivel away."

The nation's prodigal waste of talent is no myth. About 20% of those in the upper quarter of their class do not stay on through high school; about half of the top 10% of high school seniors do not go to college; 40% of all college students



STUDENT PEOPLES
Everything but the clothes.

fail to graduate. In sum: each year 400,000 talented U.S. youngsters quit school and college.

Poor but Rich. The key to the waste is environment. Comparing opposite ends of the social scale, Dean Horace Mann Bond of Atlanta University reports that "culturally disadvantaged" families produce only one talented youngster for every 235 from "culturally advantaged" families. In affluent suburbs, 25% of all youngsters score 125 or above on IQ tests. In poor neighborhoods, only 6% do so. The reason is partly that IQ tests, though aimed at measuring intelligence rather than learning, necessarily reflect "normal" exposure to books, conversation and even material gadgets. Without such riches, the bright slum kid seems to get dumber as he grows older. Schools treat him accordingly. With a dwindling sense of worth, he accepts the verdict and quits school.

By Dean Bond's reckoning, the U.S. talent pool would increase fivefold if every child in the land had the same cultural opportunities as those in the wealthier classes. Pending this millennium, educators are tackling three key problems:

- Q Discovering poor children with rich minds as early as the third grade.
- Q Persuading them and their parents that college is possible and desirable.
- Q Financing scholarships for them.

Biggest Government effort is the \$1 billion National Defense Education Act of 1958, which has nearly doubled the number of guidance counselors in U.S. high schools. It is still not enough. Last year high schools had only 18,500 full-time counselors for 10 million students, and they argue the need for at least twice as many. The education act does not apply to elementary school guidance which is a further weakness. And while the bill lent \$57 million to 115,000 college students last year, the really needy could well use



Mary Alice McAlpin—Nancy Palmer
STRIKING TEACHERS IN NEW YORK CITY
A classic example of the dilemma.

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federal scholarships (promised in both political platforms).

Jordan's Jumpers. On a small but effective scale is the tireless prodding of Isaac H. McClelland Jr. Negro principal of 90% Negro David Starr Jordan High School in a slum section of Los Angeles. McClelland jabs his charges with the indisputable fact that interracial colleges clamor to hand scholarships to Negroes—if they can get qualified ones. "Just think," says he, "you can make yourself \$10,000 just by sitting here and working with your brain." When he puts it that way, "they usually jump."

The jumpers have landed in some of the West Coast's top colleges. Phillip Peoples, 21, one of ten Negro children supported solely by their mother, is a boy who never dreamed of going to college. But he tested in Jordan's top 10%, and the school pushed him. Scraping up \$9 to pay for college board tests, he did so well that California's rigorous Claremont Men's College gave him a scholarship. He was the first Negro ever accepted at Claremont—but Phil had no clothes to go ("and I mean no clothes—just what he had on," says Principal McClelland). Teachers anted up the cash, and at Claremont, where he has had enough to eat for the first time in his life, Math Major Peoples has averaged better than B for three years. He will go on for an engineering degree at Stanford. Whenever Phil runs out of cash, McClelland & Co. pass the hat again: "No use putting them into college unless you know to keep them there."

Help from Nessfenes. Other eager talent scouts include such famed prep schools as Massachusetts' Phillips Exeter, which annually ferrets out 80 "disadvantaged" boys from all over the U.S., gives most of them full scholarships. One such is Nathaniel LaMar, son of a widowed schoolteacher, who wound up as Exeter's senior class poet, graduated *summa cum laude* from Harvard, won a fellowship to Cambridge University, has since had short stories published in the *Atlantic*. Exeter also plucked Robert D. Storey from a Negro slum in Cleveland. His father was a drinker; his brother had been in reform school. After Exeter young Storey became a marshal in his 1958 class at Harvard and a friend of John Rockefeller IV, married a Radcliffe girl and is now a Marine first lieutenant.

In hundreds of such cases, the go-between is the pioneering National Scholarship Service and Fund for Negro Students, which began in 1948, when Negroes accounted for only one-tenth of 1% of the students in interracial colleges, v. 1% now. NSSFNS (pronounced *Ness-fenes*) is run by New Yorker Richard Plaut, 57, who sold his "boring" lighting-equipment business in the 1930s and turned social worker. He has since lighted up dark places all over the country.

Supported largely by foundations, Plaut's Nessfenes has scoured the South especially, counseled promising Negroes in big-city schools, and raised \$2,500,000 to send 7,000 Negroes to 350 interracial colleges. It has sent another 252 students to

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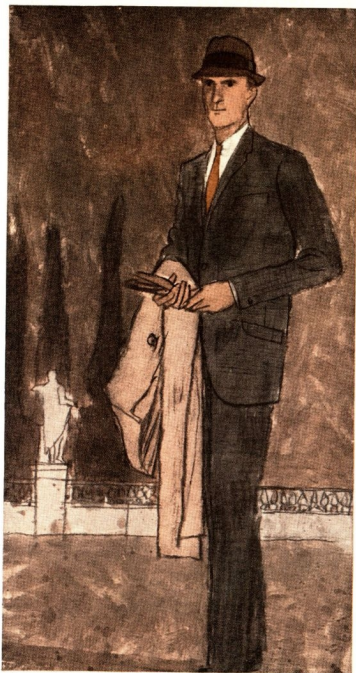
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45 Northern prep schools from Kent to Andover. Along the way, it has generated one of the most productive ideas in the whole scouting business.

The idea first took shape in 1956 at New York's now-famed Junior High School 43 (TIME, Oct. 12, 1959), where only 40% of the predominantly Negro and Puerto Rican students went on to graduate from senior high school. They came from families of six people living in one room, where dinner was likely to be one hamburger per child, served from a paper bag. Could such youngsters be college material?

With money from Nessfeness, able Principal Daniel Schreiber brought in one guidance counselor for every 100 students, special teachers for remedial reading and math. He persuaded defeatist parents that their children could become doctors and lawyers, got them to make room for homework. He ushered children to the opera, the theater, atomic laboratories and college campuses. The result—soaring aspirations—was so dramatic that IQs leaped and retarded readers outstripped national norms. This year Junior High 43's proud products are at Amherst, Columbia, Franklin & Marshall, Union and the University of Michigan.

Higher Horizons. With Dan Schreiber in charge, New York has since launched a "Higher Horizons" program for 32,000 children in 13 junior high and 52 elementary schools. Using Schreiber as consultant, the Ford Foundation recently gave \$1,000,000 to start similar programs in Chicago, Detroit, Milwaukee, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and St. Louis. Stirred by Nessfeness, other cities are well launched, notably Washington, where a project at Macfarland Junior High School makes one official gloat that "we may be actually discovering a new dimension in education." Last week, answering queries from Hawaii to Germany, Dan Schreiber said: "We want to recognize the diamond in the rough and start polishing it."

As one of the talent hunt's loudest cheerleaders, Harvard's Dean Monro calls the progress "extraordinary." But he is deeply concerned that colleges are not doing their part. He wants them to "stop making scholarship awards, for embellishment purposes, to well-off students." He also thinks that professors should haunt "submerged" schools with the same tenacity as football coaches. "Why should 300 college representatives visit New Trier High School each year and hardly any, except coaches, visit the big downtown Chicago high school, only 20 miles away?"

The big need, says Monro, is coordination of all the talent hunters. Plaut of Nessfeness agrees. Last month he urged a coast-to-coast Higher Horizons program, costing up to \$100 million, to be run by an agency patterned after the National Science Foundation. In Washington last week, top officials of the prestigious American Council on Education mulled ways to get Plaut's scheme started. As one of them put it: "Unlike gold, human talent is perishable. We can't let it lie in the hills until we get ready to mine it."



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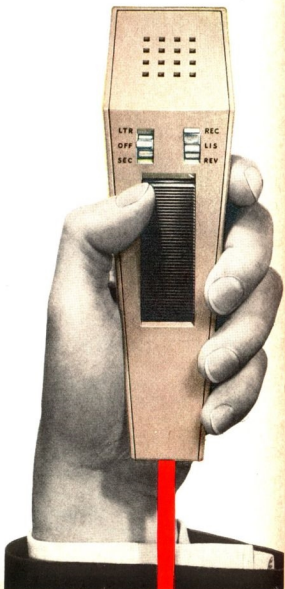
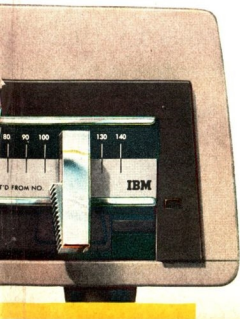


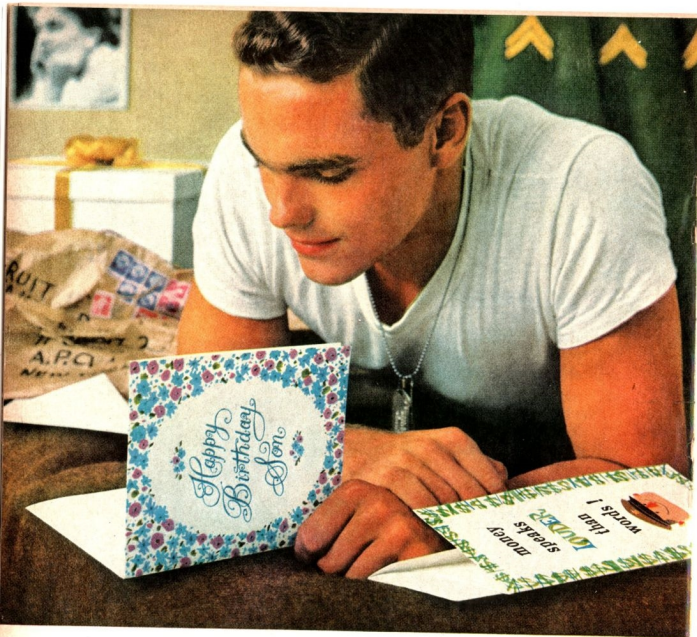
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SHOW BUSINESS

HOLLYWOOD

Popsie & Popsie

Once, she liked to call him "Popsie-Wopsie." Once, he liked to call her "Popsie-Wopsie." Last week the terms were somewhat more formal, as Arthur Miller, 44, and Marilyn Monroe, 34, prepared for divorce. After four years of one of the most celebrated show-business marriages



Mr. & Mrs. Miller in 1959
Two halves of a popsicle?

UPI

So Unsophisticated. A retiring man, Miller complained a bit about "living in a fish bowl," but beyond that the Millers managed to keep their marriage to themselves, out of the public eye and prints, except for three ill-fated pregnancies, all of which ended in miscarriage.

For two years, Monroe did not make a film and Miller wrote almost nothing noteworthy. Then, after *Some Like It Hot*, she made *Let's Make Love* early this year, and gossip columns began to pant with rumors of a Monroe affair with Co-Star Yves Montand. Purring that he was "amazed and flattered," and full of assurance that he would never toss his eleven-year marriage to Actress Simone Signoret "overboard for one performance," Montand did make one Gallically candid revelation: "Marilyn is a simple girl, without any guile," he said. "I once thought she was sophisticated, like some of the other ladies I have known. Had Marilyn been sophisticated, none of this ever would have happened."

Last month, on the set of *The Misfits*, a screenplay written for Popsie by Popsie, the Millers were cooler toward each other than the two halves of a popsicle. They returned last week to Manhattan on separate planes. With word of the coming divorce, there was no mention of other people or other plans. The man who wrote *Death of a Salesman* seemed simply to have had all he could take of the world of the cinema. Said the re-educated Miller: "I've had Hollywood."

MOVIES ABROAD

L'Enfant le Plus Terrible

He's stewed to the gills, crooked, see, and so he grabs me in his arms and he kisses me, which is normal since he is my pa, but when he starts pawin' me all over and gettin' fresh and all, and I tell him hey nunodatsuf because I know damn well what he's drivin' at, the bastard, but when I tell him no no never, like I said, he goes to the door an' locks it an' shoves the key in his pocket, and you shoulda seen the way he was rollin' his eyeballs, like in the old time flies, it was terrific.

So—in rough translation—bawls the ten-year-old heroine of *Zazie dans le Métro*, a new French film currently packing Paris cinema houses. While her contemporaries practiced the piano, Zazie practiced les belles four-lettres. She learned her French history ("Napoleon! That jerk gives me a pain, with his bowlegs and his corny hat"), dreamed of a career as a schoolmar ("so I can beat the stuff out of the brats"), until she heard that teachers would soon be replaced by machines, and decided instead to be an astronaut ("so I can beat the stuff out of the Martians").

Parisian Pollyanna. A national institution since she burst on the Seine in a 1959 bestselling novel, Zazie has become almost as influential as Colette's Gigi at

the height of *La Belle Époque*. Critics have compared Zazie's creator—Raymond Queneau, a distinguished poet and chief reader at the Gallimard publishing house—to Flaubert, Stendhal, Hugo and Hegel. (One angry dissenter: Nobel Prize Laureate François Mauriac.)

The reasons for Zazie's serious appeal to critics are complex. For one thing, Author Queneau, a onetime surrealist deeply concerned with language, tries to close the gap between literary and spoken speech in the *Zazie* novel, runs words together and sometimes employs phonetic spellings. Others see in Zazie a device of savage social satire. Says New Wave Movie Director Louis (*Les Amants*) Malle: "She's actually the angel come to announce the destruction of Babylon." Still others have compared her to everyone from Joan of Arc (defending popular virtues against monarchists with Napoleonic delusions) to Lolita. In fact, Zazie is less of a Lolita than a Parisian Pollyanna, for she is a warmhearted fille, completely uninvolved in the sordid sex life that she is always talking about.

Everybody's Advice. Whatever else the horrendous hoyden may be, she is a hot



CINEMOPPET DEMONGEOT
Joan of Arc and Lolita?

movie property, originally bought by Bardot Producer Raoul J. Levy for a record-breaking \$57,000. When he decided that the story was too hot to shoot, after all, he sold it to Malle, who explains: "What encouraged me the most was that everybody advised me against it." His solution: rendering the novelist's gush of gutter talk through Sennett-like changes of pace, face and place—with virtually a sight-gag per frame. The result: a remarkably faithful translation of the book that the Paris Express summed up as "90 minutes of cinematographic paroxysm."

In search of his star, Director Malle interviewed hundreds before settling on Catherine Demongeot, now 10, a Parisian

since Tom Thumb's, it was all but over between the panduriform actress and the handsome, horn-rimmed playwright.

So Congenial. "The sad fact is she's calculated wrong every time she's made a decision," said Arthur Miller in 1956. But he also saw in Marilyn Monroe "tremendous native feeling. She has more guts than a slaughterhouse. Being with her, people want not to die. She's all woman, the most womanly woman in the world." Did her miscellaneous loves, her hopeless marriages to the California cop and Joe DiMaggio, trouble him? "I've known social workers who have had a more checked history than she has," said Miller gallantly. For her part, Monroe murmured dreamily, "We're so congenial. This is the first time I think I've been really in love."

As if to double the indemnity, the marriage was performed twice, first in civil ceremony, two days later by a rabbi. Marilyn ate matzo balls with her new in-laws, studied Judaism and became a convert to Miller's religion. Both sailed enthusiastically into the task of complementing their differences. As a British journalist wrote, parodying Longfellow in something called *Highbrothwarth's Honeymoon*:

*And he murmured soft endearments,
And she talked of Dostoevsky . . .*

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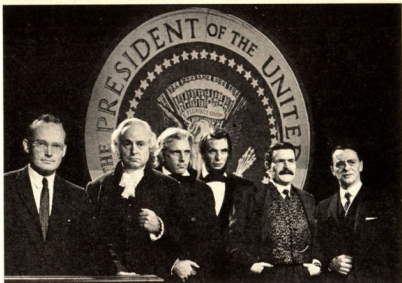
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DEAN BUNDY WITH WASHINGTON, JACKSON, LINCOLN, T. R., WILSON
In the wild, fake jungle of beard, an authentic spark.

house painter's daughter who, as film legend naturally had it, was the only applicant to come without her mother and by subway. Somehow, she learned her scatological dialogue and emerged from the unusually rich experience unscathed—except for the fact that she fell in love with her director.

TELEVISION Return of the Creative

In a move that seemed par for the television course, one black Sunday afternoon last season, NBC's low-shooting *Celebrity Golf* played through, while *Omnibus* was still searching for a lost sponsor in the Madison Avenue rough. But this week, after an 18-month absence, TV's most consistently high-aiming, wide-ranging show was back where it belonged.

Brooking no interference from advertiser or broadcaster during its seven seasons, the first five subsidized by the Ford Foundation, *Omnibus* saw a shifting list of 16 blue-chip sponsors (including the current one, Aluminium, Ltd.) pay for an average of only 70% of its time, and the program jockeyed uncomfortably between the three networks. The years also saw some memorable shows: Peter Ustinov playing "The Life of Samuel Johnson," Leonard Bernstein describing "What Makes Opera Grand," Joseph Welch pondering "Capital Punishment." The program had lived up to the credo of its imaginative producer, Robert Saudek: "I don't believe in the principle of the high rating. My faith lies in the well-conceived idea, the well-written word, the well-spent dollar."

Saudek's first principles were again evident in the season's *Omnibus* curtain raiser, "He Shall Have Power," which explored the evolution of the U.S. presidency with a succession of evocative vignettes of its most forceful incumbents.

George Washington, fussily acted by Larry Gates, fought with a Machiavellian Hamilton and a statesmanlike Jefferson over nonintervention in the French Revolution, establishing the principle of presidential supremacy in foreign affairs. A rasping, well-cast Jackson (J. D. Cannon) was seen raging against the National Bank. Webster and Clay replied in opposition and in kind, but Jackson torpedored Biddle's "monster of corruption," firmly established the executive veto.

In these and other scenes, every line was taken from the speaker's actual addresses or writings, thus turning the sequences into stark, strident, sometimes awkward exchanges of punch lines rather than into coherent dialogues. But punchy they were, as when Clemenceau (Eric Berry) delivered his famous judgment on Wilson (Harry Townes): "God gave us his Ten Commandments; we broke them. Wilson gave us his Fourteen Points; we shall see." On the whole, the note of authenticity was worth the price of occasional stiltedness, particularly in the juxtaposition of a courageous Lincoln (Michael Tolan) with a monomaniac McClellan, a tough T. R. (boisterously acted by Larry Blyden) with a reactionary J. P. Morgan, who remarked magnificently, on hearing that Roosevelt had gone on a safari: "I hope the first lion who sees him does his duty."

Despite uneven acting styles and some amateurish makeup, which displayed wild, fake jungles of beard, the whole added up to an exciting show, with much credit going to the program's unobtrusive but incisive commentator, Harvard University's Dean of Arts and Sciences, McGeorge Bundy, making his TV debut. A cold, well-spoken orator of his own words, Bundy concluded: "The presidency is a superb instrument of action, and it takes a man to wield it. . . . He shall have power—but only with his help."



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RELIGION

South Pacific First

"My grandfather was a cannibal," said the brand-new Anglican bishop to a reporter last week. "I remember his giving me a tip—the palms of a man's hands make the best eating." The Right Rev. George Ambo, 37, had a miter placed on his head in St. John's Cathedral of Brisbane, Australia, and became the first South Pacific native to be made a bishop. Twelve bishops assisted Brisbane's Archbishop Reginald Halse at the consecration before a congregation of 2,000, including Bishop Ambo's tribally tattooed wife, Marcella, 31, and their 13-year-old son Oliver.

Bishop Ambo was born in a grass-thatched hut in a tiny (pop. 100) coastal village of northern Papua. When he was eight his father, a hunter in the Sombaba tribe, sent him and his brother off to the Anglican mission school in nearby Gona. There the two boys joined the church, learned to read and write, and lost their tribal fear of sorcerers and spirits. Later, while he was at St. Aiden's teacher-training college near Dogura, young George Ambo felt the first stirrings of a call to the priesthood, and at the same time attracted the attention of Anglican churchmen, who sent him off traveling through the villages with white missionaries as a teacher and evangelist.

Ambo was ordained a priest, together with his brother, in 1958. His first assignment was Boiani, fourth largest Anglican mission district in the diocese. To tend its 7,000 natives, scattered through the rugged southern reaches of the Owen Stanley mountain range, Ambo often swam storm-swollen rivers in his shorts, was lucky to cover 20 miles in two days of tramping.

Declared the Anglican Primate of Australia, Sydney's Archbishop Hugh Gough, at Bishop Ambo's consecration: "This is a great moment in the missionary history of the church."

Ex-Commissar v. the Yogis

In his famed 1945 essay, *The Yogi and the Commissar*, Author Arthur Koestler contrasted their ways of coping with the world—the commissar trying to change his environment, the yogi trying to change himself. Having qualified as an expert on the commissar's way of doing things (he resigned from the Communist Party in 1938), Hungarian-born Author Koestler, 55, journeyed to India and Japan last year to investigate the yogi's. He came back with a cargo of provocative conclusions that are causing controversy in Britain around his new book, *The Lotus and the Robot*, to be published in the U.S. next spring. His main conclusion runs counter to longstanding, if vague, Western intellectual belief in the East's great spiritual superiority. Says Koestler: "To look at Asia for mystic enlightenment and spiritual guidance has become as much an anachronism as to think of America as the Wild West."



BISHOP AMBO & SON
From cannibalism to consecration.

Giggling & Mysticism. Barrister Christmas Humphreys, longtime head of the British Buddhist Society, counters that Koestler cannot talk about Zen from the outside as if it were a religion or a philosophy, when it is nothing less than enlightenment. Critic Cyril Connolly, while praising the book, suggests that Koestler has the "metaphysical shortcoming" of not being able temperamentally to deny the existence of the physical world. But Swiss Psychiatrist Carl Jung surprisingly praises Koestler's "needful act of debunking, for which he deserves our gratitude."

Author Koestler, born a Jew but now a "seeker after truth" without religious affiliation, reports: "I started my journey in sackcloth and ashes, and came back rather proud of being a European." He descended from his plane into the fetid air of Bombay—"I had the sensation that a wet, smelly diaper was being wrapped around my head"—and picked his way through a series of visits with what he calls "contemporary saints." There was white-bearded Vinoba Bhave, marching through India in tennis shoes, seven days a week, year after year, persuading the rich to give their land to the poor. Koestler rather admired him, but doubted his final effectiveness. When the fervid hordes who follow him got out of hand, Koestler observed, Bhave "gave an astonishing display of saintmanship," zigzagging through the crowd at a trot, pushing and shoving them into awed order.

Mystic Krishna Menon (no kin to India's Foreign Minister) distressed Koestler with his custom of inviting his followers

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to reap the spiritual benefits of listening to "the bathroom noises of the Swami's morning toilet." Anandamayee Ma was nearly 63, but she looked like "a gypsy beauty in her forties." She played constantly with her beautiful toes, and disconcerted Koestler by giggling and writhing while she delivered her spiritual wisdom to a rapt audience.

Prodigious Detour. Koestler dwells lovingly on some of the more incongruous (to Westerners) aspects of Yoga, including the [painful [Hindu] obsession with the bowel functions, which permeates religious observances and social custom." Like many a Westerner before him, he was impressed with such yogi feats as reversing peristalsis to take in fluids through



KOESTLER & HOLY MAN BHAVE
From saintmanship to spermal anxiety.

the anus and urethra, but was depressed by the far-out theories that went with them—such as that the sperm (*bindu*) is stored in the head and should be prevented from leaving the body at all costs. The result, says Koestler, is that a large number of Hindu men "suffer from what one might call spermal anxiety."

Samadhi, the trance-like bliss that is the yogi's goal, is for Koestler the closest thing possible to death, and the practice of Yoga is "a systematic conditioning of the body to conniving in its own destruction, at the command of the will, by a series of graduated stages." Koestler erroneously thinks that the "Christian ascetic mortifies his body to hasten its return to dust." This, he holds, at least has the merit of directness over the yogi's "prodigious detour. He must build up his body into a super-efficient, super-sentient instrument of self-annihilation."

Asleep or Awake. Japan was no wet diaper, but "a scented bath which gives you electric shocks at unexpected mo-

ments." Many of the shocks came from Zen Buddhism, which Koestler feels makes sense in Japan's rigidly conformist social structure. "Taken at face value and considered in itself," he writes, "Zen is at best an existentialist hoax, at worst a web of solemn absurdities. But within the framework of Japanese society, this cult of the absurd, of ritual leg-pulls and nose-tweaks, made beautiful sense. It was, and to a limited extent still is, a form of psychotherapy for a self-conscious, shame-ridden society, a technique of undoing the strings which tied it into knots."

The object of Zen is *satori* (enlightenment), and Koestler thinks this is the opposite of Yoga's aim, *samadhi*. "*Samadhi* is the elimination of the conscious self in the deep sleep of Nirvana; *satori* is the elimination of the conscious self in the wide-awake activities of intuitive living . . . To make the point quite clear: literally, *samadhi* means 'deep sleep,' *satori* means 'awakening.' Mystically, of course, 'deep sleep' means entering into Real Life, whereas the Awakened one 'lives like one already dead.' But cynically speaking, it is less risky and more pleasant to choose the Zen path—to live in Nirvana rather than be dead in Nirvana."

Intuition v. Reason. In Japan, Koestler observed, the techniques of Zen "show remarkable psychological insight and produce some equally remarkable results." But the results are far from remarkable when Zen is exported overseas and seeded among Western intellectuals with an entirely different cultural background. "They tried hard to obey its command: 'Let your mind go and become like a ball in a mountain stream'; the result was a punctured tennis ball surrounded by garbage, bouncing down the current from a burst water main."

Arthur Koestler's own Western approach to things reveals itself in his complaint that Zen has little to offer to "the moral recovery of Japan." Actually, the concept of morality or immorality, good or evil, does not exist in Zen; enlightenment, rather than making the world a better place to live in, is the goal.

Koestler has no patience with the self-deprecating habit of contrasting a contemplative, spiritual East with a crass, materialistic West. The difference, he says, is not between spirituality and materialism but between Western philosophy—love of wisdom—and Eastern "*philousia*" (from the Greek word *ousia*, meaning essential Being), which "prefers intuition to reason, symbols to concepts, self-realization through the annihilation of the ego to self-realization through the unfolding of individuality . . ."

"Thus the *hubris* of rationalism is matched by the *hubris* of irrationality, and the messianic arrogance of the Christian crusader is matched by the Yogi's arrogant attitude of detachment towards human suffering. Mankind is facing its most deadly predicament since it climbed down from the trees; but one is reluctantly brought to the conclusion that neither Yoga, Zen, nor any other Asian form of mysticism has any significant advice to offer."

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Arthur Koestler



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SHEAFFER'S

I've noticed that the more important the signature, the more likely it's written with a real fountain pen.

* Orthodox Christian asceticism is designed to subdue the body rather than hasten its death.

Lights for the Slot

Bringing any sort of big airliner down to a gentle—or safe—landing is a considerable stunt. But heavy, fast, steeply sinking jet planes have made the proposition even trickier. Their pilots cannot make a so-so approach and depend on last-minute power adjustments to keep them from overshooting or undershooting the runway. They must fly “by the numbers”—at precise letdown speeds, with their wing flaps set precisely right and their noses at the correct angle. Once a 150-ton jet is committed to land, it must follow a very narrow “slot of forgiveness,” never deviating appreciably as it approaches the runway.

This is not easy to do, even with good visibility. Since regular jet flights started two years ago, no U.S. commercial jet has cracked up seriously on landing, but there have been perilously close undershoots and overshoots because of pilot misjudgment. To prevent such unpleasant incidents, the Federal Aviation Agency thoroughly tested five visual-approach aids, and it has finally recommended one that was developed by Britain's Royal Aircraft Establishment. Last week New York's International Airport offered runways to be equipped with the RAE system so that pilots can try it out for themselves.

The new system, which will soon be familiar to air travelers, is remarkably simple. Twelve powerful lights are arranged in groups of three around the threshold of the runway. In front of each lamp is a filter with a red upper half and a clear lower half. In front of the filter is a two-inch horizontal slit. When an observer is above the center of the beam, the lamp looks white; in the middle it changes to pink, and in the lower half it is red.

The lamps are set pointing upward at angles that mark out the glide path. When the pilot makes the proper approach, he sees on each side of the runway two bars of lights. The near group is white, the far group red (see diagram). As long as they stay that way, he is doing all right. But if the white lights

turn pink or red, he is approaching too low. If the red lights turn pink or white, he is too high. He has plenty of time to get in the slot. Even with brilliant sunlight competing with the lights, they can be seen more than four miles away.

Plastics for Space

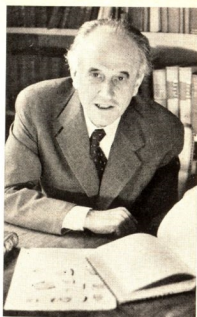
When space knowhow increases, says Dr. Carl E. Snyder of Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., spacecraft may be built largely of plastics, which will fare better than metals in the hostile outer world. Snyder and W. B. Cross of Goodyear Aircraft Corp. told an Air Force space conference in Dayton that many metals “boil away” slowly in the near-perfect vacuum of space. Plastics, which are made of long molecular chains linked and tangled together, are less volatile than metals, and therefore should last longer.

Some plastics, Snyder admitted, will surely be weakened by the ultraviolet light that abounds in space. But others may actually be strengthened. He explained that ultraviolet does its damage by breaking the plastic's molecular chains and permitting oxygen and other gases to attach themselves to the broken ends, thus making the break permanent. In space this will not happen. The loose ends of chains broken by ultraviolet will usually find no gases to combine with. They are free to recombine with their loose ends, giving the plastic a strong, cross-braced structure.

Rome: Older Than Ever

According to the historians of antiquity, Rome was founded by the brothers Romulus and Remus as a hangout for the delinquent youth of early Iron Age Latium, and was given permanence by the rape of 527 Sabine women. The traditional founding date is April 21, 753 B.C.—but the historians have long been fidgety about the exactness of that anniversary. Last week modern Rome's Department of Antiquities and Fine Arts showed proof that Rome had inhabitants several hundred years before the Romulus mob ever touched a Sabine woman.

Last week Swedish Archaeologist Einar Gjerstad and Professor Antonio M. Coli-



Italy's News
ARCHAEOLOGIST GJERSTAD
The fidgets were well grounded.

ni, Rome's Director of Museums and Archaeological Excavations, started digging in a pit near a wall of the medieval church of St. Homobonus, patron saint of tailors. Penetrating 20 ft. down, they came to a layer of rubbly soil which they recognized as the earth-fill foundation of Roman temples of Mater Mutua, goddess of childbirth, and Fortuna, protectress of women who have been married only once. In this hallowed ground they found twelve fragments of dark brown pottery decorated with incised dots and geometrical figures.

To skilled archaeologists, potsherds can almost talk. These twelve told Gjerstad, a specialist on ancient Rome, that they were made by the little-known “Apenninic” people who lived in the Italian Peninsula long before the beginning of even mythical history. They were not found where the original pots were used or broken, but must have come from some nearby place. The Romans had no reason to carry earth long distances. Professor Colini believes that Apenninic Rome may date back as far as 1400 B.C. Says Professor Gjerstad: “These are the oldest relics of civilization yet found in Rome. They pull back the history of Rome by about 700 years.”

Dull or Concealed Dreams

The editor of Moscow's *Komsomolskaya Pravda* (Truth of Communist Youth, or “Pravda Jr.”) called two reporters into his office. Said he: “Set all your current work aside and take an assignment into the 21st century.” So the reporters, Sergei Gushchev and Mikhail Vasiliev, interviewed 29 Soviet scientists and wrote a Communist book, obviously meant as a major Soviet showcase: *Russian Science in the 21st Century*. Now published in the U.S. by McGraw-Hill, the book offers a





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glimpse at the little-known world of Soviet science. And an unexciting world it seems.

As required by Soviet protocol, the first scientist Gushchev and Vasiliev interviewed was Aleksandr Nikolaevich Nesmeyanov, president of the Soviet Academy of Sciences (TIME cover, June 2, 1958). "We must learn to dream," he said. "We do not always care to dream, nor are we always capable of dreaming, but without dreams, prospects do not exist, and without dreams man, the scientist included, is halted in his progress."

Run of the River. Nesmeyanov is a world-famed organic chemist, and certainly capable of dreaming impressive scientific dreams. But the book that *Komsomolskaya Pravda's* reporters assembled is singularly meager in scientific imagination. One chapter predicts for the 21st century the mechanization of mines—which is already an accomplished fact in many non-Communist countries. Another tells about hydroelectric stations, very run-of-the-river examples, that will be built in 50 years in Siberia. A chapter on surgery describes techniques and operations that have been standard in the outside world for many years. Almost the only unfamiliar glimpse of the surgical future is a tentative plan to use refrigerated corpses (here, according to Gushchev and Vasiliev, the girl stenographer faints) as sources of human spare parts.

Russian scientists are especially good at theory, but none of the chapters in the book rise above the level of applied science. About the only novel idea is highways with cables carrying high-frequency current under their pavement. The electric field surrounding the cable, says Engineer U. A. Dolmatovsky, will hold automobiles out of contact with the ground and at the same time propel them forward at 150 m.p.h. There will be no accidents no matter how heavy the traffic, because automatically guided cars are free of human error. Such high-speed cars will operate only on main highways. Inside cities, says Dolmatovsky, the citizens will use slower, driverless taxis, which will be plentiful and free for all.

Things of the Past. A description of Moscow as it will be in the year 2007 sounds like standard U.S. city planning, with plenty of parks and outlying centers for shopping and industry. Russian schools in 2007 will have classes of only 30 pupils, a figure considered rather high in many parts of the U.S. Factories will be largely automatic, and their workers will work only four hours per day. Plastics will replace metals for many purposes, and natural fibers will be things of the past. All these advances will be due to Soviet efforts alone.

Why should "Pravda Jr.," which is perhaps the liveliest Soviet newspaper, sponsor so unimaginative a book about the future? One guess is that Russia's scientists are not eager to share their private dreams with official reporters. Another is that a not very wonderful world of the future may look sufficiently wonderful to Soviet citizens.

How to plan your insurance program

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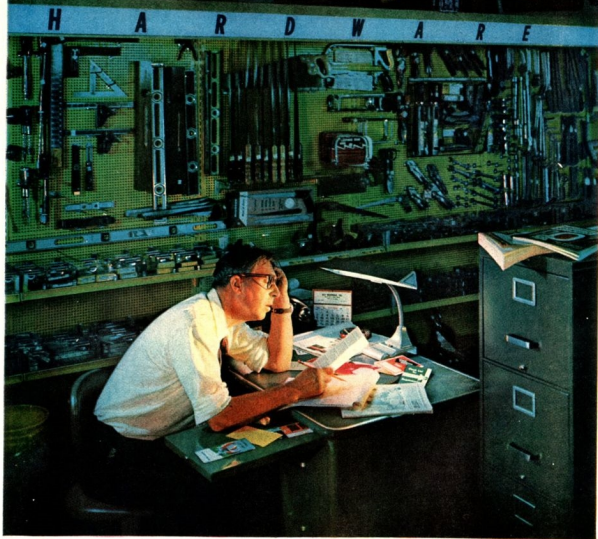
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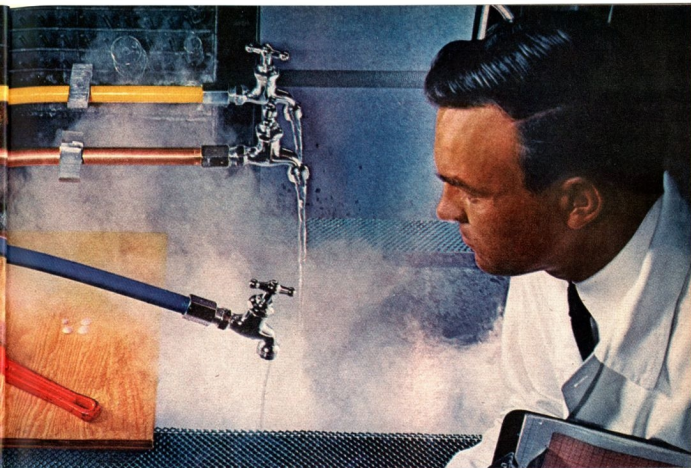
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THE THEATER

New Play on Broadway

Period of Adjustment (by Tennessee Williams) has Broadway's laureate of sex writing what for him is virtually light verse, finds Broadway's master of violence content with poked ribs and slammed doors. With here a bit of father fixation and there a bit of imbecile anxiety or a fit of the shakes, Williams at times still manages to do wonders. But he has plainly written a comedy. It takes place on Christmas Eve instead of evoking St. Bartholomew's Day. It deals with a period of adjustment rather than with exclamation points of cannibalism and castration. It has a happy ending, with everyone going beddie-bye, husband and wife, husband and wife. Indeed, in *Period of Adjustment Williams is specifically writing of how to stay married, after one night or five years.*

For that is how long the George Haversticks and the Ralph Bateses have respectively been married. When George and his unhappy bride arrive at the home of his old war buddy Ralph, Ralph's wife has just walked out on him. Ralph, if somewhat shrewder than most men, must yet, in offering the newlyweds counsel, comically seek to do unto others what exists to be done for himself. It is rather uphill work, for the still uncoupled bridal couple have tempers as well as neuroses, and the two men themselves sometimes tangle en route. Then, in Act III, Ralph's wife comes back home again, and there is a good deal of crossfire, and there are a great many parleys and commotions in adjoining rooms, till the two men team up to

breed cattle and the two women join up with their men.

Into all this, Williams has injected much enlivening comedy—now in terms of character (the bride can be wonderfully, Williamsly Suth'n), now in terms of situation, now of talk. Moreover—which is the play's new wrinkle, the key to its change of key—Williams is suggesting that, far from so many people having hideous lives and fates, most people really needn't suffer from even the milder, more widespread afflictions. He has called off the bloodhounds at last, and would simply have people try harder to cooperate and understand.

He has brought to this some well-written scenes and his usual technical dexterity. But even considering how amusing the play can be, and eloquent and skillful, and how well George Roy Hill has directed and Barbara Baxley, James Daly and Robert Webber have acted it, a good deal seems somehow unsatisfying. There is, in the end, too much sense of mere surface, of flare-ups with more theater in them than truth, of Freud pin-hitting for flesh and blood, of amusing little leitmotifs in place of incisive motivations. There is not much organic development, and at times scenes dribble on or go flat. Again, there is even here too much sex, or needless talk about it, at times on the commercial rather than compulsive side. And there is too strained a dual happy ending, a sense of Williams propelling himself too far in the opposite direction, trading claws for Santa Claus. Moderating his pessimism could greatly bulwark his power; but virtually shedding it is quite something else.



BAXLEY, WEBBER & DALY in "PERIOD"
From the master of violence, a poke in the ribs.

Martha Holmes

NEW YORK AMUSEMENT GUIDE

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MORISOT'S "BEFORE THE THEATER"

The Feminine Impression

"Poor Mme. Morisot, the public hardly knows her!" wrote Impressionist Camille Pissarro on the day in 1895 that he heard of the death of his good friend Berthe Morisot. Compared with the following of her great contemporaries, Berthe Morisot's public has always been modest, but no history of the impressionist movement could now overlook her. The reason was clear last week at Manhattan's Wildenstein gallery, where 69 of her works hung in the largest Morisot exhibition ever held in the U.S.

Like the American Mary Cassatt, who was only four years her junior, Berthe made her mark in a man's world, the just-born world of French impressionism. "Do you realize what this means?" one of her early painting teachers asked her mother when he realized how big a talent Berthe had. "In the upper-class milieu to which you belong, this will be revolutionary. I might almost say, catastrophic." But Mamma Morisot was not afraid of having her daughter turn artist, and her husband, a well-to-do civil servant, was broad-minded enough about the girl to introduce her to Painter Camille Corot. The old artist happily accepted her as a pupil, took her out of the dusty Louvre where she had been dutifully copying old masters. "Nature itself is the best teacher," he told her.

An intense young woman with fragile

features and piercing green eyes, Berthe passed that lesson on to her good friend, Impressionist Edouard Manet, who had never painted outside his studio. Manet in turn liberated her brush, taught her to use rapid, loose strokes rather than to aim for dead exactness. After Manet married, Berthe transferred her affections to his younger brother Eugène, who in time became her husband. Their house on the edge of the Bois de Boulogne became one of Paris' brightest salons. Impressionists Claude Monet and Edgar Degas were members of the circle, and so was a struggling artist named Auguste Renoir.

Unlike the men around her, Berthe Morisot was not much interested in experimentation. Though her paintings are bathed in sunlight, they do not attempt to dissect each ray, or aim at capturing the fleeting moment as Monet's do. Berthe painted a world of beaches, picnics, race tracks and canals, of elegant ladies starting off to the theater and of young girls preening before the mirror. She feared that the impressionist obsession with light might be carried too far at the expense of form and harmony. The men who ate at her table sometimes chided her for her lack of adventure, but her nephew by marriage, Poet Paul Valéry, understood her better.

"Living on the edge of the Bois," he wrote, "she found it gave her landscape enough: trees, the gleaming lake, and sometimes ice for skaters. She contented herself with nature's Parisian parsimony, taking from it what it gave: the themes for some exquisite works."

MUSEUM WITHOUT WALLS

Fairmount Park in Philadelphia is a green oasis of wooded hills and bridle paths stretched along the banks of the Schuylkill (pronounced *Skoohl*) River. It has a zoo, the Philadelphia Museum of Art, mansions from colonial times, some buildings put up for the 1876 Centennial, a duplicate of the Rodin Museum in France, and an excellent institute of applied science named for Benjamin Franklin. Covering 4,000 acres, it is one of the world's biggest municipal parks. With all that, Fairmount's most appealing distinction is as an outstanding outdoor show of sculpture—a vast art museum without walls.

Roman Gods & Abe Lincoln. Originally, the city fathers had no grand design in mind. One of their first purchases was made in the early 1800s to decorate the city waterworks, and it consisted of wooden figures by William Rush, the famous carver of ships' figureheads. From Sculptor Randolph Rogers in 1871 came a statue of Lincoln. In 1887 Alexander Milne Calder, grandfather of the mobilist, did an equestrian bronze of Philadelphia's Civil War hero, General George Meade. Frederic Remington produced a *Cowboy*; Daniel C. French did an idealized female *Justice*; Augustus Saint-Gaudens carved a bust of President Garfield. There was a mounted *George Washington* said to be the largest bronze in the U.S.

As time passed, the park became a mishmash of changing tastes: there were Roman gods, a *Joan of Arc*, a majestically cloaked Saint-Gaudens *Pilgrim*, a copy of Rodin's naked *Thinker*. Then in 1913 the wealthy Mrs. Ellen Phillips Samuel, daughter of a Philadelphia iron tycoon, left in her will a trust fund to be used to buy "statuary emblematic of the history of America."

Emblem No. 1 was a sturdy Icelandic Viking named *Thorfinn Karlsefni*; after him came a procession of American types—a *Ploughman*, an *Immigrant*, a *Slave*, a *Miner*. Finally in 1950 the city decided to branch out. Two of the sculptors asked to do works for the park: the late Sir Jacob Epstein and Jacques Lipchitz.

Fate & Teddy Roosevelt. Epstein himself thought his haunting *Social Consciousness* (see cut) "one of my major works." In the center is the seated figure of "Fate itself." To Fate's left stands Mother Earth clutching the racked body of a man—the man child returning to its eternal mother," Epstein explained. And to the right is the compassionate Christ offering succor to crumpled humanity.

Compared to Epstein's Gothic melancholy, Lipchitz' sculpture, variously called *Spirit of Enterprise*, *Creative Enterprise* and *Constructive Enterprise*, is a mass of rippling bronze muscle. While a great eagle points the way, a hairy-chested pioneer lunges toward the future. The 9,000-lb. statue was cast in 20 pieces, which were welded together in Lipchitz' Long Island City foundry. He has been working on it intermittently for a decade, but it was not until this fall that it was finally put in place. When it was commissioned, says Lipchitz, "someone gave me a quote from President Theodore Roosevelt for inspiration." Sculptor Lipchitz promptly forgot the quote, but when he at last saw it inscribed on the prospective base of his statue in Fairmount Park, he found that it "completely describes my work, and this makes me proud." The inscription: "Our nation, glorious in youth and strength, looks into the future with fearless and eager eyes, as vigorous as a young man to run a race."



JACQUES LIPCHITZ' "CREATIVE ENTERPRISE"



JACOB EPSTEIN'S "SOCIAL CONSCIOUSNESS"

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THE PRESS

Final Returns

The age of robots is not yet at hand; as projectors of public opinion, humans unquestionably outperformed machines last week in predicting the close result of the presidential race. Three out of four pollsters picked Kennedy to win by narrow margins, while TV's electronic brains forecast a landslide Kennedy victory, offered odds ranging from 5 to 1 to infinity. Many a late-night returns watcher echoed Republican Campaign Manager Len Hall: "I think we should put all these machines in the junkpile."

In forecasting the photo finish, Pollster George Gallup bettered a 25-year record by coming within eight-tenths of a percentage point on the correct popular vote. John F. Kraft, a newcomer among the major pollsters, came within three points of the actual spread. The Princeton Research Service predicted a 52-48 percentage score in Kennedy's favor, although the final count was 50.2%-49.8%. Only Veteran Elmo Roper, who reported on election eve that Nixon looked to squeeze ahead by two percentage points, chose the wrong winner; yet even Roper claimed to "feel wonderful," because all such samplings allow themselves a 4% cushion.

Second Thoughts. Influenced less by the actual votes counted than by the projections of the TV computers, headline writers across the country splashed KENNEDY WINS across early front pages. At 2:04 a.m., the usually cautious New York Times declared Kennedy "elected" in an eight-column banner over the lead story by Washington Bureau Chief James ("Scotty") Reston, called to New York for the occasion. The edition was hardly on the street, however, when the Times high command, including President Orvil E. Dryfoos, took a worried look at the eroding Kennedy margin, gathered in emergency conference and hurriedly decided to stop the presses for almost three hours while Reston clattered out a new version of the latest developments. "Our obligation was to produce a historical document," said Reston. The Times move abruptly halted printing 279,000 papers, causing a temporary vacuum happily filled by the opposition *Herald Tribune*, which sold more papers that morning (500,000) than it had in years. By 7:17 a.m. the Times was safely back and square with history. The new headline: KENNEDY IS APPARENT VICTOR.

Worst of the Best. In rehabbing the election, editorialists fell generally into two camps. Those who had backed Nixon hastened to warn Kennedy that he possessed no "mandate" from the American people to change things overnight. "This was no landslide," commented the Salt Lake City *Tribune*. "There is no great popular mandate which the ambitious and dynamic young Senator takes with him into the White House. This should be a sobering influence on him. He needs some restraint on an oft-indicated impulsiveness."



POLLSTER GALLUP
Humans of the world, arise!

Added the Houston *Chronicle*: "The people did not tell him to inaugurate vast new programs or to stage another '100 days' of 'must' legislation as President Franklin D. Roosevelt did."

But pundits who supported Kennedy immediately started riding hard on the New Frontier. Columnist Walter Lippmann reassured Kennedy that he has "a clear mandate to undertake what he has promised to do," and Columnist Joe Alsop ecstatically said of Kennedy: "I believe he is the only new political entrant in my time who has shown the promise of becoming a President of the first rank." (Alsop also gloomily allowed: "This reporter's worst misjudgments have always erred on the optimistic side.")

The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, which had backed Kennedy, concluded reassuringly: "Both because of the close popular vote and because the South was essential to his victory. Senator Kennedy will be compelled to persuade rather than command, to treat rather than dictate. He cannot claim an unlimited mandate. Yet from the great urban majority which constitutes the heart of America he has a mandate to push his program of moderate social and economic reform."

The Hearst Formula

"We can't afford to penalize our good papers any more," said a Hearst executive last week. "With modern newspaper economics, you just can't tap a good paper to carry a dog." With this unsentimental epitaph, the 14-paper Hearst chain lopped off another link: the faltering Detroit Times, which Hearst sold to its afternoon rival, the independent Detroit *News*, for \$10 million.

Caught in a squeeze between the *News* (circ. 480,673) and the morning Detroit

Free Press (500,220), the Times has long been courting disaster, and its demise has been freely predicted (TIME, May 9). Between 1950 and the moment of its death, the Times's circulation plunged from 440,317 to 373,295, and only transfusions from healthier members of the Hearst empire kept the paper alive.

Profits, Not Power. Despite inheriting a stable of Hearst regulars like George E. Sokolsky and Dorothy Kilgallen from the Times, the *News* quickly discovered that the \$10 million purchase price provided no guarantee for picking up the Times's readership. Acting quickly upon rumors of the sale, the rival *Free Press* raided the Times's circulation department, hired away 125 employees ranging from branch managers to newboys. As a lure to former Times readers, the *Free Press* also began printing an afternoon "family edition," which is being sent to the Times's old delivery stations. Goaded into action, the *News* has started to strike back, printing 400,000 extra copies daily to be circulated to the Times's subscribers. With a full-scale circulation war threatening, fights have broken out between *News* and *Free Press* dealers, and both papers report that stacks of their papers have been looted or destroyed.

The sale of the Times continues the cutback of the Hearst chain since control of the empire passed to Hearst Corporation President Richard Berlin after the death of William Randolph Hearst in 1951. More interested in profits than press power, Berlin got rid of the Chicago *American* and the Pittsburgh *Sun-Telegraph*, merged the San Francisco *Call-Bulletin* with Scripps-Howard's San Francisco *News*. Says one Hearst executive: "For years our strong papers—Baltimore, San Antonio, Seattle, Los Angeles—have been drained by losing operations. In the last two years we have decided on concentrating our resources in those areas where there is a possibility of making a profit."

No Drain-Off. Such concentration of resources has given the chain a semblance of stability and room to expand. Last month Hearst bought the Albany *Knickerbocker News* for \$3,850,000, giving the chain a monopoly in New York's capital city. In Baltimore, where the *News-Post* ranks behind the *Sun* papers, Hearst has earmarked \$5,000,000 for expansion of plant and production facilities. "You've got to show the community that you have faith in your paper," says a Hearst executive. "If you have, the community will have too."

In San Francisco, Hearst has fired the managing editor of the *Examiner*, the "monarch" of the chain, replaced him with Troubleshotter Lee Ettleson to face the challenge of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, which has crept to within 12,083 of the *Examiner*'s circulation. With the period of attrition over, the chain is looking at new properties, is currently dickering for two papers, one in the East, one in the West. "We're not going to drain off success any more," says a Hearst man. "From now on, our formula is going to be that we're going to reinforce it."

Thinking Man's Tailback

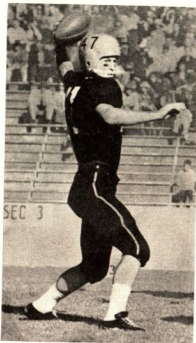
Deep in dejection, Oregon State's Coach Tommy Prothro showed up at a booster luncheon to explain why the finest football team in the school's history had an indifferent 5-3 record. As Prothro brooded over his trials, a sympathetic partisan asked: "What's the good word, Tommy?" For the first time in days, Tommy Prothro smiled. "Terry Baker," he said.

By last week the phrase "Terry Baker" had become the all-purpose good word around the tidy Oregon State campus in Corvallis. An ambidextrous, introspective, gangling sophomore, Terry Baker has a pale pink face, an Adam's apple that dances when he talks like a walnut on a string, a curiously narrow torso and a pair of thick, rock-muscled legs. At 19, Baker is still a growing boy of 6 ft. 3 in., 195 lbs. Right now he has the most impressive record in college football. Going into last week's game with Stanford, Baker was running and passing so well that he led the nation in total offense. Last Saturday Baker averaged a fat 5.4 yds. per carry, scored the first touchdown as Oregon State defeated Stanford, 25-21.

Doubting Demigod. Flashy as that record is, Terry Baker would still be one of the most remarkable football players in the game if he never completed a pass or made a yard on the ground. For not only has Baker wondered if Oregon State is the proper place for him—despite his status there as a demigod that would make any other player dizzy with glory—but he harbors dark doubts about the wisdom of even playing the game of football in the first place.

People back home in Portland, Ore., have long ago given up trying to figure Baker out. His father left home when Terry was seven, and he was raised by his mother, who put two other sons through college by working as a Teamster on the loading platform of a Sears, Roebuck store. In high school Baker was almost too good to be true. He was an A student. As a high-scoring forward, he took his basketball team to two city championships. Throwing with his right arm, he pitched his baseball team to victory in the state finals. Passing with his left arm, he led his football team to two state titles.

For a while it seemed that every college coach in every sport wanted Baker, who finally chose Oregon State after cautioning Coach Prothro that he might not even go out for football. True to his warning, Baker passed up freshman football; he was determined to get good grades in engineering. Recalls Professor Richard L. Richardson: "On his second day of school as a freshman, Terry raised his hand and asked if the homework amounted to nothing more than it appeared to be. I said 'No,' and he shook his head in disgust. Everybody in the class gave him a foul look as if to say,



OREGON STATE'S BAKER
"Toes, relax! Ankles, knees, relax!"

"What are you doing here, fella?" Richardson had barely recovered from that shock when Baker confided that he was thinking of switching to Stanford where the studies might be more challenging.

Souped-Up Single-Wing. But Baker decided to stick it out at O.S.C., took to tantalizing Prothro by dropping past football practice and unlimbering his passing arm in games of catch with frantically



MONTREAL'S MOORE
"I don't like being pushed around."

scurrying managers. Says Prothro wryly: "He'd toss those 50-yarders and I'd just wince." With his grades safely up to A, Baker felt relaxed enough to go out for freshman basketball, led the team in scoring. Then Baker showed up for spring football practice—and Prothro suddenly had a souped-up engine for his old-fashioned single-wing formation.

Off the field, Baker admits to being something of a mystic. Says a roommate: "At night when he's in bed, you hear him saying, 'Toes, relax. Ankles, relax. Knees, relax!'" Baker shrugs off his nighttime ritual as being "just part of my growth theory." Says he: "When you feel growth coming on you, you better be ready for it, or you'll kill it. You've got to stretch out to meet it, sleep with the windows open, make your legs as long as you can. Be ready—that's the idea."

As a competitor, even Baker is ready to admit that he is a cool calculator. "I hate these other kids being better than me—in a class, in a game, in anything. Maybe it's just that I'm a mentally weak kid who needs praise or something. It just drives me on. But I never lose my head or do anything like slug a player. And when I lose or do badly, I never feel too bad until the next day, when I stop and study how things went."

Ready for Everything. The more he stops and studies, the less Baker thinks he will keep on playing football. "I believe I'll turn out for baseball this year and skip spring football. I'll really give my pitching arm a chance to develop. Then I'll decide if I'm a prospect for the big leagues, and if I think I'll make it, then I may quit football."

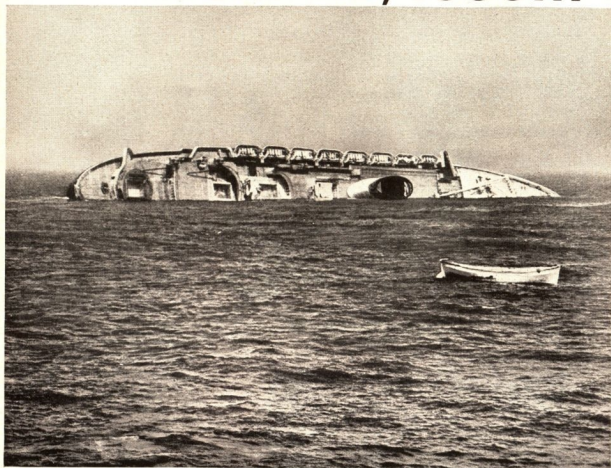
Faced with the prospect that this may be his first and last football season, Tailback Terry Baker is determined to make it one that will be remembered. "I've cleansed my mind and I'm ready to give it everything," he says. "I'd say I was going to have some good Saturday afternoons. It may sound silly to make predictions like that, but if you live up to them, if you're ready to live up to them, it's great."

The Deek Man

The husky, seven-year-old boy saw the cyclist change direction and, just for the hell of it, veer straight for him. But instead of leaping out of the way as the cyclist had assumed he would, the lad defiantly planted his feet, held his ground—and ended up with a broken leg. Last week, at 29, Dickie Moore could still grow stiff with anger when he recalled the incident. "I didn't like being pushed around then," he said, "and I don't like to be pushed around now."

No one pushes Dickie Moore around. Playing left wing for the proud Montreal Canadiens, Moore last week was in the thick of the early-season scramble for leading scorer of the National Hockey League, a title he won in both 1958 and 1959. Paradoxically, Moore's spectacular feats have not brought him the customary flood of publicity, partly because he refuses to play to the gallery, partly be-

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cause the Canadiens are loaded with such colorful stars as agile Jacques Plante, the masked goalie, and strapping (6 ft. 3 in.; 205 lbs.) Jean Beliveau, who leads the team's famed power play at center.

"As Long As It's Clean." But the Canadiens know full well the value of Moore. "You can throw Moore into any line, any play, right wing or left, and he'll do a first-class job," says Coach Toe Blake. "Remember, he had a cast on his hands both years he won the scoring title. I know a lot of players who wouldn't even play under the same conditions."

Moore has mellowed since he came up as a 20-year-old "chippy" (jargon for a player with a chip on his shoulder), but he still approaches the game as though it were football on ice. "When I give a guy a good body check and get a penalty, it's still worth it," he admits, "as long as the check's a clean one."

For relaxation in the old days, Moore and Teammate Tom Johnson used to get a puck, square off a few yards apart and fire point-blank shots at each other. This palled after Blake threatened to slap a \$100 fine on them each time blood was drawn. But Moore is still a leader of the violent horseplay that the Canadiens use to lower tension. One standard trick: the "initiation ceremony," in which a rookie—and an occasional sportswriter—is seized by the entire squad of naked, bellowing Canadiens as he saunters into the locker room. The victim can count himself lucky if he is merely strumped to the buff and given a snow bath.

"Shoot for the Net." On the ice, Moore is one of the league's best players in the split-second art of faking a goalie out of position. "I've developed a little play of my own," he says. "It's a kind of fake shot—we call them 'deeks' for decoys. Sometimes the goalie gives you an opening deliberately and then breaks your heart by blocking the shot. I pretend I'm taking the opening by flicking my stick over the top of the puck. The goalie moves, and then I either flick it between his legs or into the other side."

"But you know deeks and plays and fakes are not much use unless the puck goes into the net. 'Shoot for the net! Shoot for the net!' was what Maurice Richard used to tell us, and he was right." Says the forgotten man of the Canadiens: "It's the goals that count, not the player who scores them."

Games of the Week

In college football's top clash, fired-up Iowa turned the ends of rugged Ohio State with surprising ease, sprinted to a 35-12 victory to give retiring Coach Forest Evashevski a going-away present. Iowa thus tied for the Big Ten lead with previously undefeated Minnesota, which was upset by erratic Purdue, 23-14. Among the nation's few undefeated teams, Missouri obliterated its longtime nemesis, Oklahoma, 41-19; Mississippi held tough Tennessee to 24 yds. by land and air to win easily, 24-3; and Yale proved it was the most emphatic thing in the de-emphasized Ivy League by humiliating Princeton, 43-22.



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CINEMA

The New Pictures

Butterfield 8 (M-G-M) as a novel by John O'Hara was a crude but affecting tart's tragedy. As a film, it has been turned into a sleek and libidinous lingerie meller.

In the book, which was based on the 1931 real-life tragedy of a gay young thing who called herself Starr Faithfull, the heroine was a semi-professional call girl, with a phone on Manhattan's Butterfield exchange. In the movie, she is just an enthusiastic amateur (Elizabeth Taylor) who promiscuously offers peace to the tired businessman. In the book, the hero was a middle-aged commuter with a careless habit of making women and missing trains. In the movie, he is a handsome young casualty of the battle for status, a poor boy (Laurence Harvey) who got rich quick by marrying the boss's daughter (Dina Merrill) and has felt like a kept man ever since. One night when the wife is out of town, hero meets heroine in one of the better bistros, takes her home. To his amazement, the heroine "goes off like a rocket," and neither of them quite comes down to earth. Infatuation changes to something like love, and for a few days love appears to have plucked these brands from the burning. In the end, though, censorship conquers all. She pays the wages of sin; he makes peace with his wife and promises to make a man of himself—well, anyway, an organization man.

Even in these conventional contexts, the classic theme of salvation by prostitution preserves a little of its ancient power. The power is blunted—though commerce is served—by a glossy production (Pandro S. Berman), slick direction (Daniel Mann), solid but stolid performances, and a script (Charles Schnee and John Michael Hayes) that reads as though it had been copied off a washroom wall. Heroine to hero, with a broad wink, as she glides seductively down the hatch of his sailboat: "You can—uh—drop anchor any time." Motel proprietor to hero, who betrays a certain anxiety to get to bed with heroine: "Yeah, yeah. Man's gotta get his rest—an' he's gotta get it regular. Ha-ha!" Ha-ha.

General della Rovere (Zebra-Gaumont; Continental) is a quickie that almost became a masterpiece. Shot, cut and canned in 33 days of cost-trimming, brain-fagging labor, it is by all odds the best picture made by Italy's Roberto Rossellini since *Open City* (1945) and *Paisan* (1946). It restores Rossellini, after eleven years of private enterprise (Ingrid Bergman, Sonali das Gupta) and artistic calamity (*Stromboli*, *A Trip to Italy*, *Europe '51*), to his rightful but qualified eminence as a cinema natural who shoots movies the way other men shoot dice—when he's cold he just craps out, but when he's hot he can make his point the hard way.

The plot of *General della Rovere* (pronounced Roh-veh-reh) is developed from



TAYLOR AS TART
Plucked from the burning.

a well-known incident of World War II. As Rossellini tells the tale, Della Rovere, attached to the anti-Fascist provisional government of Marshal Badoglio, is landed behind the retreating Germans in Italy to coordinate partisan activity with Allied operations. Before he can even contact the underground, a German patrol intercepts and kills him. The Wehrmacht's chief of military police (Hannes Messemer) thereupon evolves a crafty ploy: he puts a double of Della Rovere in prison with some civilians held for interrogation, waits for the partisan commander, believed to be among the impounded civilians, to make contact with the phony general and thus identify himself.

The general is impersonated by an amiable but trivial swindler (Vittorio De

Sica), a three-time loser who is scared witless of what might happen to him if he fails to discover the partisan commander. He plays his part superbly, impressing the other prisoners with kindness and a show of implacable resistance to the Germans. Unexpectedly, they impress him too. For all the moral squalor and spineless self-indulgence of his life, the swindler is a man of feeling. His heart is wrung by the notes he reads on the walls of his cell—the last pathetic scribbles of young men about to face a firing squad.

Then one day, partly because of his involvement with the phony general, one of these brave men is tortured. Rather than face a second interrogation, he kills himself. Convulsed with grief and guilt, the little swindler protests pathetically to the chief of police. The chief gives him a taste of torture, too. That does it. The petty criminal stops playing the part of a hero and begins to live it. His end is heroic, almost unbearably moving.

As craftsmanship, *General della Rovere* is not particularly impressive. Technically, Rossellini at his best is a slam-bang, hey-look-the-bell-rang sort of director. He uses a camera as if it were a machine gun—spray it around, boys, you're bound to get something—and when he cuts a film, he hacks it up like so much Italian bologna. But in this picture Rossellini is supported by a vigorous script, and by De Sica, an actor who marvelously draws revelations out of the hero's emptiness, as a magician draws a skein of brilliant scarves out of a fool's mouth. Even more strongly, Rossellini is supported in *General della Rovere* by the same theme—war as the ordeal in which a man discovers, through suffering, the love that makes him a human being—that runs through all his finest films like a hot red artery of meaning. And in this film the meaning is deepened and enriched by a significant circumstance: the man who dies for his fellow man is not, conventionally speaking, a good man, not even an ordinary man, but a common criminal. On Rossellini's Calvary, the redeemer and the thief are one.



HERO DE SICA & VILLAIN MESSEMER IN "GENERAL DELLA ROVERE"

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MUSIC

Copland at 60

"In those days," Aaron Copland once said of his early studies, "music was like the inside of a great building that shut out the street noises." Later Copland was to do more than any other composer of his generation to open the doors of the concert hall to the noises of American life. He is the most played of U.S.-born composers and the most eloquent advocate of modern American music.

Celebrating his 60th birthday, Composer Copland last week mounted the podium at Carnegie Hall to lead the New York



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COMPOSER COPLAND

Back to bigger gestures.

Philharmonic in two compositions—*Symphonic Ode* (1929) and *El Salón México* (1936)—that illustrated the range of his own creative career.

A Usable Past. From the time he finished his Paris studies with Nadia Boulanger in the mid-1920s, Brooklyn born Aaron Copland was known as a restive talent. Looking for "a usable past," he experimented first with jazz in the wiry, jaunty *Music for the Theater* (1925), later wove it into the strident and monumental style of the *Ode*, which to his mind marks "the end of the first period of my work." A later period was inspired by Copland's feeling that the American composer was losing touch with his public. In the late 1930s he began to write his often criticized "popular-style" music, typified by his raucously percussive, slickly orchestrated *El Salón México* and by his scores for films (*Of Mice and Men*) and ballet (*Billy the Kid*).

His most successful work in the style, the stately and luminous *Appalachian Spring* won a Pulitzer Prize and provided an answer to critics who felt he had sold out to popular taste. It was in this period

also that Copland made another, highly engaging effort to bring music closer to the people: he wrote several works for amateur performance, including *The Second Hurricane*, a short opera designed for high school singers. Now recorded for the first time (Columbia), *Hurricane* is a simple, melodic, resolutely folksy work with an exuberant rhythmic drive. Copland abandoned the role of "people's composer" when he "no longer felt the need of seeking out conscious Americanisms." In his postwar work, starting with the fine *Third Symphony* of 1946, he feels that he has been rediscovering the "bigger gestures" of his youth.

A Gift from Above. Now living near Peekskill, N.Y., in a home overlooking the Hudson, Copland still devotes some of his time to "diagnosing" scores submitted to him by young composers. His fourth book of thoughtful musical commentary, *Copland on Music*, is being published by Doubleday this week. A fairly consistent concertgoer, Copland rarely listens to recordings because he finds it discouraging that a record always sounds the same. "It would never occur to me," says he, "to sit down and listen to a Beethoven symphony. Recordings are really for people who live in Timbuktu."

During the last year, Copland was almost steadily on the go, conducting his works in Russia, the Philippines, Australia, England and the U.S. Now he would like to settle down for a period of solid composing, drawing his inspiration from a notebook in which he jots down the snatches of rhythm, the chords and series of chords that occur to him in random moments. (His friend Darius Milhaud strenuously disapproves of this method of preserving materials: "If a theme isn't good enough to remember," says Milhaud, "I wouldn't dream of using it.")

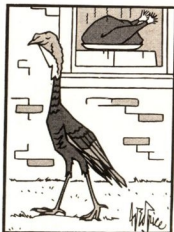
Copland finds that he does his best work after dinner, keeping at it until about 2 a.m. He has no plans for a new opera to follow *The Tender Land*, the rather limp work premiered in 1954. "Opera," says Copland, "eats up three years of your time; then everything's decided in one night." His work in progress: a chamber piece for nine solo strings. The orchestration was obvious, says Copland, from the moment "I got the material"—and he points gravely to the ceiling, to show that it was a gift from above.

Unashamed Accompanists

"But I've been talking too much about myself," says the baritone to an accompanist. "Let's talk about you. Have you heard any of my new records?" That well-seasoned musical fable has grated on the ears of accompanists for years. Fretting under a cloak of near anonymity, they have traditionally been regarded by the public as the perpetual subordinates of the musical world. Singers and other soloists of course know better, and so last week did the audiences flocking to hear Soprano Victoria de Los Angeles launch a



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German recital tour. At the piano behind her was one of the most gifted and certainly the most eloquent of present-day accompanists, England's Gerald Moore, who says: "The accompanist who 'follows' but does not anticipate is a dull, pedestrian sort of fellow, without electricity, a fallen arch in the march of time."

Like other fine practitioners of the art, Moore dislikes the very term "accompanist." His role, he thinks, is closer to that of a partner or, as another famous accompanist, France's Tasso Janopoulo, describes it, a "co-interpreter." Certainly Moore's superb performances bear him out. He has a remarkable ability to vary rhythms and colors in order to illuminate the shifting moods of a singer's text. Moreover, he is aware that "there are 20,000 ways of performing one piece," and his volumes and tempi are tailored like a Savile Row suit to the style and capacity of the soloist. Most important, he is a deft reader of what France's Irene Aïtoff calls the "state of soul" of his partners—the crosscurrents that may warp a performance from its appointed course.

The Special Soul. Trained for a piano virtuoso's career, Moore originally thought that an accompanist was "a sort of caddy who carried the violinist's fiddle." But when he was 24, he accompanied Tenor John Coates, became fascinated by the challenge of fitting music to text, and soon decided that accompanists "have an infinitely richer life than the soloist." Today he adds: "Even if I had the technique and virtuosity of Horowitz or Rubinstein, I would prefer to do what I am doing."

All good accompanists seem to share Moore's enthusiasm, documented wittily if somewhat defensively in his 1944 book, *The Unashamed Accompanist*. England's Ivor Newton explains his passion for accompanying as resulting from "a phobia about being alone." Italy's Giorgio Favoretto is less interested in togetherness than in "uniting the arts of poetry and music," while France's Janopoulo confesses to lacking the "special soul and the kind of conviction that passes across the footlights." Whatever its appeal, accompanying has attracted first-rate pianists, among them the U.S.'s Paul Ulanowsky and Franz Rupp, England's Geoffrey Parsons and Martin Isepp, Germany's Hertha Klust and Gerhard Weissenborn, Italy's Antonio Beltrami.

Like a Surgeon. Although an accompanist should be a partner, he is also, says Ulanowsky, likely to function as "part policeman and part nursemaid." (But, adds Soprano Erika Koth cryptically: "An accompanist is no lover.") Even as incendiary a singer as Maria Callas scrupulously follows the advice of her pianist, Italy's Antonio Tonini, in questions of interpretation. "Tonini pleases me," says she, "because he is an implacable torturer who makes me repeat the same phrase 20 or more times. He has always been for me like an expert surgeon who digs around in one's innards until the cause of the trouble is found and corrected."

In a showdown between partners, the



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A pianist is no lover.

bigger name usually wins. Moore recalls that when he played for Chaliapin, the great Russian bass used to ham up the end of Schumann's *Die beiden Grenadiere* with a great theatrical gesture, causing the pianist's *Nachspiel* to be lost in the applause. "There was nothing I could do," says Moore. "Chaliapin was a great big chap more than six feet tall."

England's Harold Craxton, on the other hand, recalls triumphing over a singer who insisted on going up to a top C at the end of the familiar folk song *Christ Child Lullaby*. When the singer asked Craxton why he was looking at her "so curiously," he replied: "I was just thinking of the Infant Jesus lying in his mother's arms, and I saw him looking up at her and saying: 'Mother, you've been studying the top C, haven't you?'"

Heard But Not Noticed. The U.S., many critics feel, is now producing the best accompanists in the world. "Pianists here are getting better and better," says Rupp. "I'm sure we all play better than Liszt." Nevertheless, most of the accompanists agree that their art is still low-rated in the U.S., while the situation is changing in Europe. English programs often avoid the word "accompanist" entirely, substituting the more palatable word "piano." In Paris the old program phrase "accompanied by" is replaced by the phrase "with the collaboration of."

But even these status signs are not likely to turn the accompanist into a box-office draw. Like it or not, admits Accompanist Craxton, "The greatest moment of an accompanist must always be when the soloist turns to him and says: 'You were wonderful tonight. I didn't know you were there.'"

* Right, German Baritone Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau.

Post-election puzzle

Who is President-Elect Kennedy likely to name to his cabinet? Who will the policy-makers be? LIFE's post-election picture report focuses on the faces that may soon dominate the Washington scene, weighs the probable future course the G.O.P. will follow.



Antarctic's icy art

Antarctica, IGY scientists discovered, is not a dead white world but a wonderland tinged with kaleidoscopic color. You'll see the proof in Emil Schulthess' 12-page portfolio of color photographs, Part III of *A New Portrait of Our Planet*.

The pride of the Navy

Triple-threat halfback Joe Bellino, with 13 touchdowns in Navy's first seven football games, has already set a modern academy scoring record. In LIFE's close-up pictures you'll meet the peppery star who's almost certain to be All-America.



Democracy in Japan

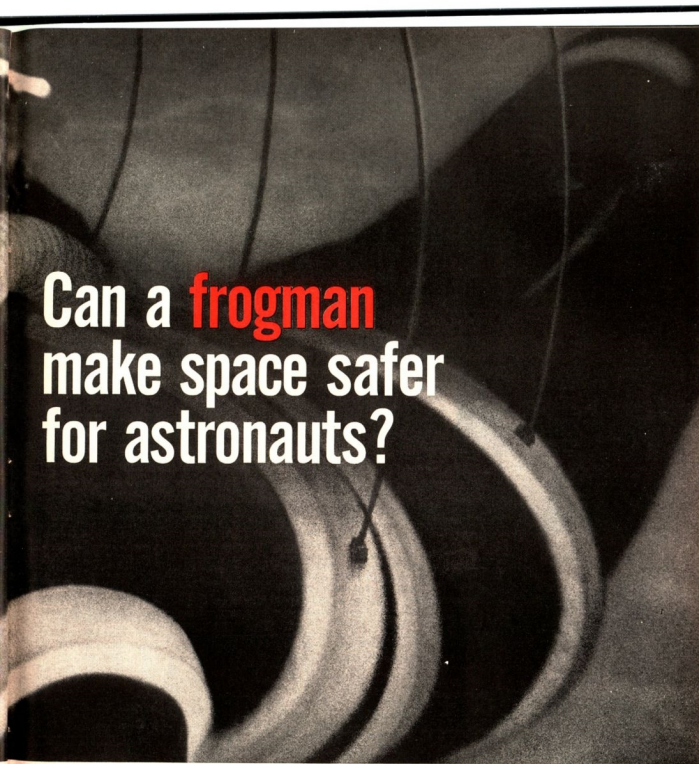
How well is democracy faring in Japan? This week's final instalment in LIFE's "Democracy Around the World" series examines Japan's problems in throwing off feudal traditions as well as signs that democratic ideas are slowly taking root.

OUT TODAY in the new issue of

LIFE



What is it like to "float" in outer space? This Lockheed frogman knows. He's sealed inside a rotating "water tank." He still can see—but there's nothing to help him tell up from down. His sense of balance is gone. He's no longer aware of the pull of gravity. What he's experiencing closely simulates the feeling of weightlessness the astronauts will encounter in space. His air supply tube and the electrodes taped to his body enable scientists at Lockheed's Georgia Division to record his reactions. For there is much to learn before man can conquer space. Can he respond quickly enough to complicated orders? Can he endure the company of other crew members in the close confines of a space ship cabin for months at a time? How can we turn heat directly into electricity? Develop a navigation system for interplanetary travel? Make tiny electronic devices still smaller—and so reliable they will



Can a **frogman** make space safer for astronauts?

operate for years without further attention? Today, in every division of Lockheed, researchers seek answers to such questions. Tangible evidence of their efforts: the Agena family of satellites for the U.S. Air Force Discoverer, Midas, and Samos programs, and for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's space probes.

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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS The Kennedy Climate

The stock market last week took a look at the President-elect of the U.S. and decided that it was not dismayed by what it saw. Building on a strong tone the week before election, it bounded upward when Kennedy's election was assured. In heavy turnover, stocks broke through the 600 barrier on the Dow-Jones industrial aver-



INVESTIGATOR LANDIS
The first of the reformers?

age, ran up a 12.54 gain for the week (to 608.61) in one of the year's best rallies.

Part of the market's rise was due to the end of the pre-election uncertainty. There was also an expectation of more inflation during the Kennedy Administration. Most Wall Streeters preferred to hope that Kennedy would make some sharp anti-recession moves and, by spurring defense spending, perhaps give business a push. The feeling was growing in the business community that Kennedy is more conservative than he sounded in his campaign.

Assistance Declined. To many businessmen, the biggest doubt about Kennedy's economic policies has been the liberal cast of his advisers, notably Harvard Professors John Kenneth (*The Affluent Society*) Galbraith and Arthur Schlesinger Jr. Yet Schlesinger did not surface as a member of the Kennedy brain trust. And Galbraith admits that he is no longer very influential with Jack Kennedy.

The man who is actually Kennedy's closest economic adviser—and stands a good chance of remaining so in Washington—is M.I.T. Professor Paul A. Samuelson, 45, who is considered by colleagues to be both sound and brilliant in his economic thinking. Samuelson has watched closely and written lucidly about the U.S.

economy, considers himself "the last of the generalists." His widely used textbook, *Economics, An Introductory Analysis*, is the bestselling (1,000,000 copies) economic textbook of all time.

Samuelson describes himself as a member of the "neoclassical synthesis" school of economics—an amalgam of Keynesian insights and classical theories. He does not believe that the best government is the least government, but neither does he think that direct wage and price controls or government ownership is desirable. Because businessmen sometimes take a narrow and personal view of government policy, based on their own interests, e.g., tariffs, Samuelson says that "our thinking is somewhat at cross-purposes with business philosophy."

Father's Friend. Based on Kennedy's pronouncements, the sort of men he has so far gathered around him and his economic moves to date, what are some of the business changes—and bows to the status quo—that will take place under a Kennedy Administration?

One of the main items on Kennedy's agenda is a sweeping reform of the regulatory agencies, which he believes are inefficient and filled with second-rate people. Few businessmen dispute that view. Last week, in one of his first moves, Kennedy appointed James M. Landis to work up a report and make recommendations in a month on all the regulatory agencies. Landis, 61, is a former dean of Harvard Law School, served as a member of the Securities and Exchange Commission and the Federal Trade Commission and as chairman of the Civil Aeronautics Board. He is an old friend of the President-elect's father, Joseph P. Kennedy; he succeeded the elder Kennedy as chairman of the SEC in 1935, later worked for him as a special assistant and co-authored a book with him. Now a member of a New York law firm, he has several clients, e.g., the Skiatron pay-TV system, with cases pending before the regulatory agencies. He said he did not believe his interest in cases before Government agencies would affect his report. Last week Landis was in Miami at the annual convention of the Air Line Pilots Association as an active candidate for the association's presidency. No pilot, Landis is a candidate of rebel pilots, who stress his knowledge of the federal agencies that regulate air travel.

Help from Germany. In other areas of policy affecting business, one of Kennedy's chief arguments with the Administration has been with the Federal Reserve Board's tight-money policy, which he says has choked off economic growth while trying to stem inflation. Kennedy has singled out for attack the FRB's "bills only" policy, under which FRB usually buys and sells only bills (i.e., short-term obligations), to regulate the supply of credit and influence interest rates. Kennedy thinks FRB should also deal in bonds, contends that the "bills

only" policy has dropped short-term interest rates far more rapidly than the rates on long-term obligations, thus has given little help to builders and others who depend on long-term loans. (The FRB has been easing money steadily, and last fortnight began for the first time in more than two years to deal in bonds as well as bills.) Kennedy has not gone all-out for "easy money." He has said: "We are also aware that sharp declines in the



ECONOMIST SAMUELSON
The last of the generalists?

short-term rate can further aggravate the balance-of-payments problem."

On the balance-of-payments and gold-outflow problem, the U.S. last week got some help from abroad. Responding to heavy pressure from the Eisenhower Administration, West Germany lowered its discount rate from 5% to 4%, and its bank rates for loans from 6% to 5%, thus weakening a magnet that has been drawing gold from the U.S. Kennedy seems sure to insist strongly, as did Ike, that West Germany and other U.S. allies help more in defending the free world against Communism, thus relieving the U.S. of some of its heavy foreign spending.

Kennedy and the FRB have recently grown closer in their views about curbing gold speculation on foreign markets. To maintain the dollar's value, Kennedy has called for the "free sale" of U.S. gold on markets abroad to prevent speculation, a move that many foreign bankers believe would quickly end it. The Treasury, which previously opposed such free sale, three weeks ago informed the Bank of England that it had no objection to the bank's selling gold to keep the market orderly, and that the bank could replace such gold from U.S. stocks. Last week gold was selling on the London market for under \$36.

What Is Essential. Kennedy can also be expected to fight any possible recession. To check unemployment, which in October jumped to 3,579,000, or 6.4% of the working force, he has placed near the top of his list an aid-to-depressed-areas bill. He has said he might cut taxes "for four or five months" if a recession comes. To spur productivity and business expansion, he favors—with almost all businessmen—faster and more liberal depreciation allowances.

In the field of antitrust action, Kennedy has so far said nothing—but his policy in this field could hardly be tougher than the Eisenhower Administration's. In the labor area, Kennedy has promised to pass a minimum-wage bill raising hourly wages to at least \$1.25. Most businessmen believe that Kennedy, while promising to be beholden to neither labor nor business, will not openly antagonize the business community, will prefer to win its cooperation rather than fight it. Kennedy realizes that the welfare of U.S. business, with its decision-making and spending powers, is essential to the health of the economy that he has promised to revitalize.

FOREIGN TRADE

Higher Wool Tariffs

To curb the swelling imports of wool and worsted materials, notably from Italy and Japan, the U.S. laid down new tariffs last week. They will replace a complicated quota and tariff system in force since 1956, which, a tariff commission official candidly confessed, had "fouled up the wool trade from one end to another."

Under the old system, importers could bring in certain amounts of woolsens under a quota and pay a tariff based on 25% of value. After the quota was filled, the tariff jumped to 45%. The result was that the U.S. manufacturers often did not

know whether the woolsens they had ordered would be imported under the lower or higher tariff. The new system is simpler. The Government will set no quotas, but the tariff will be higher. Importers will pay a flat rate of 37½¢ per lb., plus 38% of value on woolsens valued at more than \$2, and 76¢ per lb. up to 60% of value on cheaper woolsens.

None of the supplier countries were happy about the higher tariffs. Italian textile manufacturers protested and the British, whose exports to the U.S. have been dropping (see chart), thought they were being penalized for their quality fabrics, which they contend do not compete with U.S. fabrics. U.S. textile manufacturers, in turn, feared the tariff might not be high enough to slow the influx of foreign fabrics.

UTILITIES

Private Money for TVA

I therefore suggest to the Congress legislation to create a Tennessee Valley Authority—a corporation clothed with the power of government but possessed of the flexibility and initiative of a private enterprise.

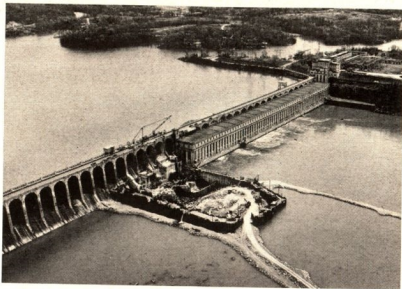
In the years following that plea by Franklin Roosevelt in 1933, the Tennessee Valley Authority became the swirling center of a great national controversy. Castigated by its enemies as a socialistic octopus, defended by its friends as an amiable and beneficent giant, the TVA wielded the power of government to tame the floods of the Tennessee River and revitalize its vast and poverty-stricken valley, stretching over 80,000 square miles into seven states. This week the TVA, now accepted as a permanent part of the U.S. scene by friend and foe alike, showed the initiative of a private enterprise. For the first time in its history, it went into the public bond market to get the mon-

ey for a vast new construction program.

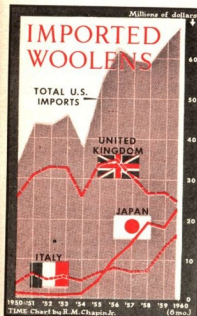
TVA put out an initial \$50 million in bonds, the first of \$750 million authorized by Congress. The bonds got top ratings from investment services, will be bid on by four large, nationwide underwriting groups. TVA will pay them off entirely from the proceeds of its power system, which amounted to a record \$100,023,000 in fiscal 1960. On top of that, TVA, which has already paid back to the U.S. Government \$250 million on its \$1.4 billion investment in TVA's power facilities, will pay the Government in yearly installments until it has only a \$200 million equity in the power complex.

Power-Hungry. With the money it raises, TVA has ambitious plans to supply extra power for its rapidly developing area. This week it opened bids on two proposed 800,000 kw.-capacity steam generators for a new plant in Tennessee. (TVA began to build steam generators in the 1940s after it had heavily developed the hydro power of the rivers, now uses two-thirds steam.) Part of the first \$50 million will be used for two new power units at Melton Hill Dam, Tenn., scheduled to be completed in 1963. Other funds will go to a new steam plant at Paradise, Ky., that will sit practically on the coal fields, and for power additions at Wheeler and Wilson Dams, Ala.

Such additions were made necessary by the valley's tremendous growth. TVA has reforested the river's valley, created a chain of fish-stocked lakes and a recreation industry, used its coal and water supplies to become the biggest U.S. electric-generating company, wholesaling its power to 153 local electric systems, several federal agencies, and private companies that have been attracted to the valley—all at rates well below most of the U.S. TVA serves such big, power-hungry customers as Reynolds Metals, Alcoa, Monsanto, National Carbide and Hooker



NEW TURBINE HOUSES AT TVA'S WILSON DAM (ALA.)
The floods are gone; the porch lights burn longer.





ED BAILEY

Ford's Fastest Whiz Kid

ROBERT STRANGE McNAMARA

TO the Ford Motor Co. in 1946 came a unique personnel package: a team of ten young Army Air Force officers who had racked up a notable wartime record working together on military production and supply. The "Whiz Kids"—as the team soon was known—applied their war-honed management talents to Ford's vast auto empire, moved up fast in Ford's executive ranks. None moved faster than a slim (6 ft., 165 lbs.), accountant with a computer mind, Robert Strange McNamara. Last week Bob McNamara, 44, was named president of Ford, the first non-Ford since Founder Henry in 1906 to occupy the presidency. Chairman and Chief Executive Henry will lay out broad company policy, President McNamara will have charge of company operations, stepping into the job left vacant last July by the retirement of Chairman Ernest Robert Breech, 63.

"Old Henry," observed one automan last week, "would have thought McNamara bookish and rather impractical." Bookish he looks—with his neatly parted hair and rimless glasses—and bookish he is (among his current reading: *The Western Mind in Transition, The Phenomenon of Man, The Corporation in Modern Society*). But he is far from impractical. He is one of the new breed of auto executives, like General Motors' Fred Donner, who are more at home with cost sheets than blueprints, know market projections better than mechanical details. Even his talk about autos has a faintly bookish ring. "My biggest single problem as president," says McNamara, "will be product planning." Translated into plain Detroitese, he means selling cars: not only more of the present cars but also new cars.

FORD, riding the compact crest with its bestselling Falcon, is already planning new products to titillate car buyers. Last week Henry Ford announced that the company would spend \$138 million in overseas plant development this year, another \$220 million in 1961. Some \$95 million of this is going to expand production lines for a new, still secret car in Germany, which is tentatively called the Cardinal. The guess is that it will be a Volkswagen-size car, to be sold in the U.S. as well as Europe. It may be out within two years. Ford is definitely bringing out next year a new

115-in.-wheelbase compact to be priced between the Comet and the standard-size Ford.

McNamara knows he faces an even bigger job in producing better cars. His goal is a car that in normal use need never see the inside of a service station. "Our twelve-month service warranty is a big step forward," he says, "but we need more. One current target is the electrical system in cars, where there is plenty of room for improvement."

Born in San Francisco, Bob McNamara was a rare sophomore Phi Beta Kappa scholar at the University of California at Berkeley. He took a master's degree at Harvard Business School, then after a stint at Price, Waterhouse, went back to Harvard as an assistant professor for three years until the war. Though McNamara is perhaps the prize Whiz Kid, all six of the original group still with Ford have worked their way up to key executive posts.

FORD'S new president is usually at his desk by 7:30 a.m., when most of his staff is just getting up, tries to leave for home by 6 p.m. Only 29 when he joined Ford, McNamara quickly earned the reputation of a man with clean, sharp answers. Says Henry Ford: "Things that most men have to turn to books and reports for, Bob is carrying around right in his head." By 1949, McNamara was company controller, six years later became boss of the company's breadwinner, the Ford division, two years later group vice president for all car and truck divisions. As group vice president, McNamara had an active role in bringing out the Falcon, also is given the credit for a decision that some auto buffs still disapprove: changing the sporty Thunderbird from a two-seater to a sedate four-seater. McNamara knew the market for a four-seater would be much bigger—as it has proved to be—even though the bird lost some of its flash.

Though his \$400,000-plus annual compensation as Ford president will be more than he might have made in 30 years of teaching, McNamara still has a liking for the academic life. He lives in Ann Arbor, 35 miles from the Ford Co.'s Dearborn headquarters, with his wife Margaret and three children, because it is a university town. He frequently testifies a competitor's car on his commute to Ann Arbor. Recently, in a competing car, he was once more reminded of quality. The car stalled in a rainstorm. It took McNamara, soaking wet, three hitchhikes to get home.

Chemical. Since TVA began, a seven-state area that once struggled along on a corn-and-cotton economy has seen its per-capita income jump from 45% to 64% of the national average.

Symbol for the World. Such success has made TVA an envied model of Government initiative around the world. It has served as a model for such regional source developments as India's Damodar Valley Corp., Australia's Snowy Mountains Scheme and Iran's Khuzestan Development Service.

Some private utilities are still bitter about TVA. Kentucky Utilities Co. is fighting a battle to hold onto its facilities in Paducah, Glasgow and Princeton, Ky., where residents are trying to buy the plants, then buy power from TVA at a 30%-to-50% saving in electricity bills. But the once-widespread bitterness against the TVA has been largely muted, especially since private powermen no longer fear it will spread over the nation. TVA's congressional bond amendment has a clause limiting its expansion to no more than five miles beyond its 1957 boundaries.

Another rein to conservative criticism is that TVA is, in effect, run like a private enterprise. Though the Government still supports its vast nonprofit public projects, its power functions (82% of all its assets) have long been self-supporting and self-liquidating. TVA prospers partly because it pays no taxes. Instead, it returns 5% of its gross (excluding sales to federal agencies) to states and counties. Its coal supplies are so conveniently located that its fuel costs are only 60% of the national average. Its management is low-salaried: its three managing directors make only \$20,000 a year each.

Moreover, TVA has ideal customers. Big industry and such agencies as the AEC use power in a steady flow with no peaks to worry about. TVA customers are so grateful for what TVA refers to as its "Henry Ford system" (i.e., lots of electricity at low prices) that they make freer use of their irons, TV sets, frying pans, porch lights and furnaces (nearly half the 650,000 electrically heated homes in the U.S. are in TVA territory). While the average U.S. family used 3,707 kw-h. of power last year at a cost of 2.48¢ per kw-h., TVA's customers used 8,806 kw-h. at an average cost of just under a penny.

AVIATION

The Jet Debt

Eastern Air Lines, one of the nation's most profitable airlines, had sad news for stockholders last week. For the first nine months of the year, it lost \$5.7 million, is likely to finish the year in the red and fail to make money for the first time since its incorporation in 1938. American Airlines reported that its earnings for the first nine months slid to \$6,924,000 (v. \$10,132,000 for the same period last year).

Eastern and American are not the only airlines feeling the pinch. Capital, National and Northeast have also been operating in the red. All told, in the first

**683 times
"around
the world!"**



In closing months, 99 trucks have been running night and day to reach a goal of 17 million miles over test loops

It's the great two-year NATIONAL ROAD TEST!

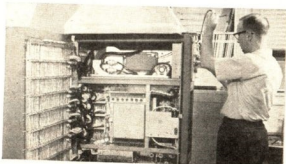
November 30th will mark the end of test traffic in the \$27,000,000 pavement test sponsored by the American Association of State Highway Officials (AASHTO).

Hundreds of millions of scientific readings will have been recorded before the trucks finish pounding the test pavements at Ottawa, Illinois. The fleet of trucks—from farm-size pickups to 54-ton semi-trailers—will have piled up 17 million miles of travel on the concrete and asphalt test loops.

The National Road Test is the most scientific experiment ever carried out on highway pavements. Automatic electronic instruments assure accurate unbiased findings. Giant computers evaluate the mountains of statistics accumulated.

Directed by the Highway Research Board of the

National Academy of Sciences—National Research Council, the National Road Test is both impartial and authoritative. The significant findings will influence design and construction of streets and highways across the nation. Out of this test will come even better driving for you.



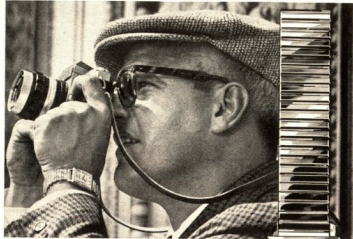
Millions of scientific readings have been analyzed by computers at the National Road Test. Useful new facts on modern pavement design will result.

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GRUNDIG

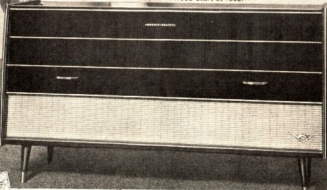


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eight months, the combined profits of the nation's major airlines were only \$930,000, a startling drop from earnings of \$46,539,000 for the same period in 1959. The decline had a variety of causes. Although revenues for the airlines were up 9% this year, the cost of depreciating the expensive new jets shot up 27.8% and ate up profits. Operating expenses were up 16%, largely because of the increased cost of running the Lockheed Electra, which the Federal Aviation Agency ordered to fly 105 m.p.h. below its normal cruising speed.

Pay in Advance. Part of Eastern's troubles is an \$8,000,000 loss of revenue that it suffered last summer in a twelve-day wildcat strike. The line is also carrying a heavy jet debt. It chose to begin writing off its \$140 million debt for its new jet fleet before all the planes were delivered, must bear the brunt of the payments (the monthly interest charge alone is \$583,000) without having the jets in service to help pay for themselves. It has also been hurt more than the other airlines by the Electra's troubles since it has the largest (40) fleet. The cost of operating the Electras has increased 60.7% because they now take longer to fly the routes, use more fuel, and cost more in crew pay.

American Airlines, which flies 33 Electras, has also been affected by the higher operating costs, and is concerned about the Electra's waning reputation (five crashes, with 223 fatalities, in less than two years), since load factors on its Electras are running 6% to 10% below the rest of the fleet. To try to counteract the Electra's bad publicity, American has organized a truth squad of veteran Electra pilots, which is touring cities served by its Electras to extol the virtues of the aircraft.

Profits for a Few. Not all the airlines are in trouble. After losing money for the first six months, United Air Lines finally got more jets into service and made a brilliant recovery. Its third-quarter earnings were an all-time high and gave United a respectable profit of \$9,711,535 for the first nine months. Hustling Delta Air Lines, the first line to fly DC-8s, has edged ahead of its archcompetitor Eastern in the number of passengers loaded at Atlanta. Continental Airlines, first of the smaller airlines to fly its own jets, has grown up with the commercial jet age. It now flies jets on 83% of its flights, has the lowest (43%) break-even point of any U.S. domestic airline, and made \$1,447,000 in the first nine months.

To meet the high costs of the jet age, the airlines want to tailor their routes to the swifter, bigger jets. The Civil Aeronautics Board, under its new Chairman Whitney Gilliland, has already shown a willingness to let the trunk airlines drop some of the money-losing stops on their routes. It allowed American, Braniff, Continental, and TWA to discontinue service to a number of small stops. The big airlines hope that if they can improve the structure of their routes they can pay off the jet debt without a further drastic drop on their earnings.

Name: Jim Rathmann
 Occupation: Race Driver
 Residence: Miami, Florida
 Family: Wife Kay, Son James Todd
 Hobbies: Boating, Fishing



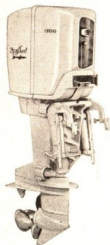
Jim Rathmann
 Winner of the
 Indianapolis "500"

No pit stops on the water...and none needed



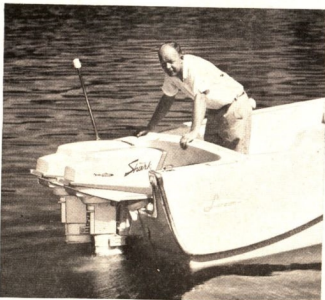
BOAT BY LARSON/ENGINE BY JAYCO

A racing veteran with 11 years in running at Indianapolis and over 6000 miles of competitive racing. "My boat's for fun and it's more fun with these motors," says Jim.



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Whenever we lose a customer—

It kills us.

It doesn't happen often, but when it does we want to know why.

So we ask, and we get a lot of answers. Some are perfectly understandable—the customer has moved to a town where we don't have an office, or he has a close friend who works for another broker—but some replies require a little digging beneath the surface.

And when we probe, we sometimes discover the real reason is that the customer is disappointed because he didn't make more money on his investments or maybe even had a loss. If he had only bought Stock A instead of Stock B! If he had only sold Stock C instead of Stock D!

In a situation like that it's probably natural enough for the customer to blame us, but the fact remains that neither we nor any other broker can ever guarantee what's going to happen to any stock. Over the years, prices of most well-known stocks have increased substantially, and the owners of those stocks have made money. Nevertheless, the ever-present factor of risk makes it impossible to promise a profit to any individual stockowner at any specific time. In short, there aren't any "sure things" in the market.

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GOVERNMENT

Assault on Costs

Air Force Materiel Chief Lieut. General Mark E. Bradley Jr. last week gave a blunt warning to Air Force contractors: "There's too much gold plating and fancy-ness. I intend to raise hell as long as I am here until I get some action." The action he wanted was to eliminate waste and overcharging in Air Force procurement. Bradley said that \$100 million has already been trimmed out of the revived B-70 program "by cutting out fancy items that were put in there to do the job just a little better. You can do the same job, perhaps a little less well, but for a lot less money."

To broaden the attack on costs a top-level committee of General Bradley, Air Force Controller Lieut. General William D. Eckert and Inspector General Lieut. General Joseph F. Carroll last week launched 70 specialists into the field to survey management practices of Air Force prime contractors. First to be studied is Martin Co., Titan missile prime contractor. Martin was picked because the Titan program is at the stage where catching mistakes might save money. The Atlas missile program is too old, the Minuteman too young.

Bradley spelled out some of the suspected abuses:

❶ Bids are often padded by as much as 15% to 20% on incentive contracts in which the manufacturer is rewarded for savings he can show by producing the item for less than the bid price.

❷ Costs are often set unrealistically low to win cost-plus contracts. When the costs later soar, the Air Force is stuck paying them, plus a fixed profit—usually 10%.

❸ Items that could be bought more cheaply from subcontractors are too often made by prime contractors to keep the business for themselves. When prime contractors do go to other sources, they do not watch the costs of subcontractors as they should.

Not every defense contractor is guilty. General Bradley said. In fact, some have taken notable steps to cut back expenses, e.g., one saved \$7,200,000 by a 40% reduction in nonproductive personnel; another saved \$1,200,000 through centralized purchasing. But all this is not enough. Congress has told the Pentagon to report in January with a record of cost cutting. General Bradley called on industry "to do some soul and corporate body searching" before Congress is pushed to make arbitrary across-the-board slashes in appropriations.

BUSINESS ABROAD

Broni Waawu for Sale

In Casablanca's teeming Mzdina Orharan quarter last week, veiled Moroccan matrons surreptitiously rummaged through piles of secondhand brassières, modestly hid their purchases under their flowing djellabah cloaks. Mothers with babies tied to their backs bought young daughters pastel organdy dresses for 47¢,



GHANAIANS TRYING ON CLOTHES
Fig leaves are not enough.

"Cub Scouts" sweatshirts for the boys for 56¢. In Accra, attracted by the hawkers' tinkling bells, Ghanaian dandies eagerly sifted stacks of multicolored "Yankee shirts" selling for 28¢, judiciously fingered other *broni waawu*—which literally means the "white man has died." The expression was coined after World War II for used clothes, then chiefly Army surplus, when the natives assumed secondhand garments had belonged to dead soldiers. It has even wider applications today.

From the well-dressed U.S., the world's biggest exporter of secondhand clothing, *broni waawu* is covering the underdeveloped nations of the world. The raw material for the estimated \$30 million annual business often results from a closet-cleaning housewife's call to a ragman or the Salvation Army. The castoffs may end in a Baghdad bazaar or a peddler's Land Rover making bush-to-bush sales in Tanganyika—with a Brooks Brothers suit for sale at \$5, Arrow shirts at 50¢, a Saks dress at 30¢. Last year U.S. exporters shipped over 200 million lbs. of used clothing around the world for profit. And though many a nation bans secondhand imports to protect local industry (e.g., Mexico, Japan) or because it lacks dollars (e.g., India, Tunisia), U.S. used clothes are smuggled into an astonishing variety of markets.

Raincoats Are Enough. Biggest market is Africa, where only a fraction of the population can afford new clothes, and where self-conscious new nations like Ghana are anxious to wipe out traditional tribal nudity. Ghana last year doubled its purchase of used clothes, spent some \$1,680,000 on *broni waawu*, mostly from the U.S., and the All-Africa Women's League, the most militant no-nakedness

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To make election predictions, for example, mathematicians create a statistical model of the voting public. Then as early returns stream in, the computer projects the probable final result according to the model in its memory.

Roughly the same technique can be used to make a market projection, a weather forecast, or a study in medical research. These are the jobs computers are doing every day behind the scenes, and here's where they render service beyond anything they do on election night.

CBS uses special systems.

Besides presenting computer predictions and analysis, the CBS network used an IBM RAMAC® 305 system to tally incoming returns. Counting and posting votes is actually a continuous inventory problem, which is exactly what RAMAC's rapid-fire memory is built to handle.

CBS also had a TELE-PROCESSING* link between the studio and the IBM Datacenter so data could be transmitted in "computer language" between the two points. In a small way, they were employing a technique that can put a single computer to work in a thousand different places at once.

As new advances come along to extend the problem-solving abilities of data processing systems, you can expect to benefit further. You will be the winner again, just as you were election night.

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TIME, NOVEMBER 21, 1960

HOW A BONER HELPED ME EARN \$15,000

By a Wall Street Journal
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Premium product of United States Tobacco Company

national organization, distributed several thousand garments free. Morocco last year imported \$1,000,000 in secondhand garments. In East Africa, the political and missionary propaganda on the importance of wearing clothes has succeeded so well that any native wearing only a loincloth is now derided as *mtu hivi hivi*—a wild man. The men like dark jackets, preferably dinner jackets, and the bigger the satin lapels the better. The clothes campaign has had fair success with East African women; despite the dearth of rain, the ladies' most popular item is a used raincoat—with nothing underneath.

In Uganda, where women in the West Nile district traditionally wear only Eve's fig leaf fore and aft, there is now a brisk import trade in bras and pants, but dresses are still considered slightly immoral. Often U.S. clothes must be altered abroad because they are too big; in pigmy Africa men frequently wear women's coats. There is a fast Uganda trade in tuxedos for weddings and funerals, which are bought used for \$1.50 to \$3, worn once and then resold.

No Skirting the Koran. In Iraq the most popular item is the dark, double-breasted jacket, which the Arab likes to wear over his traditional wrap-around, ankle-length *dish-dasha* robe. Faced with a decline in the double-breasted suit's popularity in the U.S., exporters are hard pressed to keep up with the Arab demand. The coats retail for \$3 to \$5, with a tuxedo setting for \$12. Until the import of surplus U.S. uniforms was stopped recently by the Iraqi government, the military look was much in demand from Arab doormen and night watchmen in search of a touch of distinction for their duties.

Used-clothes dealers, who buy sight unseen from the U.S., run into trouble sometimes. Last July there was a near riot when a dress decorated with a print of verses from the Koran was discovered on sale at an open-air stall in Chittagong, Pakistan. Outraged Moslems assembled at Chittagong's main mosque, called the U.S. consul long distance in Dacca to protest. Were soothed only when the consul promised to ask the U.S. Ambassador to Pakistan to protest to the State Department.

Not surprisingly, the majority of U.S. used-clothing exporters are located in New York City, most in a narrow, dowdy block on Manhattan's lower East Side. Biggest single source of used clothes to the exporters is their nonprofit competitors—charitable organizations that collect more clothes than they can distribute to the needy here and abroad. Last year, for example, the Salvation Army's eleven-state eastern division collected 40,000 tons of used clothing, sold 18,363 tons to exporters as surplus.

Although many charities give away clothes, particularly in Africa, most used-clothes retailers have little objection. The handouts often are the poor natives' first contact with Western dress, and so they make new customers for the retailers in the end, and there is plenty of nakedness to go around.

MILESTONES

Died. Michael F. Malone, 67, Italian-speaking Treasury sleuth whose evidence helped put the Brothers Capone (Al and Ralph) behind bars and who worked under cover against Ganglards Arthur ("Dutch Schultz") Flegenheimer, George ("Machine Gun") Kelly and Ganglady Kate ("Ma") Barker; of a stroke; in St. Paul.

Died. Margaretta Cox, 70, widow since 1937 of James M. Cox, newspaper publisher, three-time Governor of Ohio, and defeated Democratic presidential candidate in 1920 (his running mate was Franklin D. Roosevelt); in a fire apparently caused when she fell asleep while smoking; in her home in suburban Dayton, Ohio. An ardent Democrat, Mrs. Cox was friendly with Presidents Wilson, Roosevelt and Truman, and at her death was about to make a local TV address supporting Candidate Kennedy, her first "personal participation" in politics.

Died. Leo A. Rover, 72, Washington, D.C. judge and onetime U.S. attorney who helped convict bribe-taking Interior Secretary Albert B. Fall in the Teapot Dome oil scandal, Hoaxer Gaston B. Means, who swindled Socialite Evalyn Walsh McLean of more than \$100,000 on the pretense of returning the Lindbergh baby, and the Puerto Rican terrorists who wounded five Congressmen in a 1954 shooting spree in the House of Representatives; of a heart attack; in Washington.

Died. Admiral Erich Raeder, 84, pint-sized (5 ft. 6 in.) martinet who transformed Hitler's navy from an "ugly stepchild" of the regime to the sleek scourge of Allied lifelines; of complications arising from a neurological disorder; in a Kiel mental hospital. A chairborne officer until he was 34, Raeder got his break as navigation aide on the Kaiser's yacht, plodded through the ranks until *der Führer* named him admiral in chief in 1935. The success of hit-and-run pocket battleships *Deutschland* and *Graf Spee* earned him honorary membership in the Nazi Party and a later place in the prisoners' dock at Nürnberg. Crippled by arthritis, he served nine years of a life sentence in Spandau, where he spent his time supervising the prison library and feuding with fellow prisoner Admiral Karl Doenitz, who replaced him in 1943 after a raging Hitler scuttled surface craft for U-boats.

Died. Leon Dabo, 92, romantic painter of landscapes and seascapes whose varied career also included: World War I spy and counterspy, world traveler and women's-club lecturer; in Manhattan. A protégé of James McNeill Whistler and John La Farge, Dabo once complained that America idolized Babe Ruth and Gene Tunney rather than its artists and philosophers, mourned that when Whistler could not sell the portrait of his mother for \$250 in the U.S. he took it to France, where it is still a national treasure.



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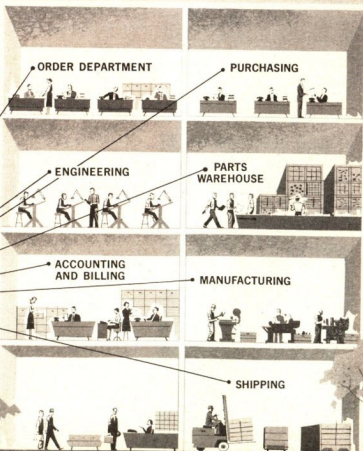
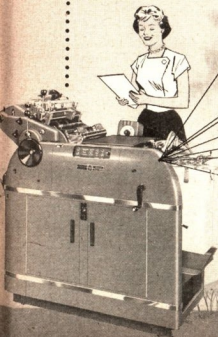
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No Magnolias in Florence

THE LIGHT IN THE PIAZZA (110 pp.)—Elizabeth Spencer—McGraw-Hill (\$3).

The fictional American in Europe is apt to be a boor, a nincompoop, or else a sudden convert to the notion that his home soil is spiritually sterile. Even Henry James, the foremost author in the field, wrote less from an observer's strength than from a vantage point uneasily anchored in an inferiority complex. Talented Novelist Elizabeth Spencer (*The Voice at the Back Door*) does not entirely escape the compulsion to prove that as a sensitive U.S. writer, she understands the gaucherie of her countrymen. But *The Light in the Piazza* is one of the best novels in a long time about Americans abroad.

Flashing Sweetness. In less than one-third the space required by most novelists to elaborate a banality, Author Spencer tells a suspenseful story, knowledgeably confronts and synthesizes two foreign viewpoints, and gives dignity to a love story that could very easily have become a tearjerker. Margaret Johnson is a Southern woman at the age when most facts of life have become more plain than attractive. Her husband is comfortably well off, her figure is still good, and she is on vacation in Italy with Clara, her 26-year-old daughter. Because of a childhood head injury, Clara has the mentality of a child of ten. The love between mother and daughter is surely suggested, not spelled out, in moments of flashing sweetness. What bothers Mrs. Johnson is that her simple-minded but beautiful child has fallen in love with a young Florentine who runs a shop and whose family would certainly seem like comic-opera Italians to her all-American husband.

Fabrizio obviously does not know that



NOVELIST SPENCER
Cultures face to face.

Dwight Dolan

Clara is mentally deficient, but there is no doubting his or his family's seriousness. Mrs. Johnson's dilemma is simple but terrible. Shall she explain and take her daughter away from disturbing Florence, or shall she give her daughter the chance at a normal woman's life that she will never get back home? In one moving moment she realizes that Clara, "whether she could do long division or not, was a woman."

Unblinkered Humaneness. Slyly, gently, a wily old civilization sets a question afloat: Is Clara a virgin? Money is vaguely but obviously to be considered: What dowry? To Clara's mother, all this is evidence of deep, cultural differences: "It's simply that they are facing what I am hiding from." And Fabrizio's father, devoted though he is to his fat, pious wife, is unmistakably attracted to Mrs. Johnson, Italian practicality, ruthlessness, an odd breed of unblinkered humaneness, scrapes blatantly against U.S. generosity and naiveté.

In an ending that is both delicately contrived and impeccably honest, Author Spencer triumphantly fuses all conflicts. Her American mother and daughter have dignity and grace, and if the absent Mr. Johnson runs to formula, he is at least understandable. For once, Europeans and Americans face each other in credible postures, described in writing that has a creditable stance of its own.

Neo-Orthodox Gadfly

THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF T. E. HULME (233 pp.)—Alun R. Jones—Beacon Press (\$4.50).

When T. E. Hulme died, a friend recalled, "half the women in London went into mourning." Sex was only one of the ardent hobbies pursued by Thomas Ernest Hulme, a brilliant young English intellectual who seemed to take all knowledge for his hobby. When a burst of shellfire killed Hulme on the Western Front in 1917, he was just 34, and had been successively a poet, philosopher, self-proclaimed political reactionary, militarist, and pet lion of his own literary salon. A huge, indolent man of lightning intelligence and wit who combined a Prussian officer's bearing with a contagious charm, Hulme was perhaps best described by his sculptor friend Jacob Epstein when he wrote: "He was capable of kicking a theory as well as a man downstairs."

It was his theory-kicking that made him a figure with impact. Still relatively unknown, he basks in the shadows of the men he influenced: T. S. Eliot, Yeats, Ezra Pound, Wyndham Lewis, Epstein, et al. In a model of graciously written, cleanly organized scholarship, Hull University Lecturer Alun R. Jones has produced a definitive critical biography that places Hulme where he belongs, as one of the shapers of 20th century consciousness.

Tilting with Bobbies. By English standards, Hulme was a hick. He came from a Staffordshire farm family, though



Radio Times Hulton Picture Library
CRITIC HULME

Theories kicked downstairs.

his father relished playing the Victorian county squire. Hulme affected to despise the Establishment though he adopted its manner. Once, when a policeman objected to his making water in a Soho Square gutter, Hulme haughtily asked: "Do you know you are addressing a member of the middle classes?" The bobby apologized.

Another tilt with the law proved more serious. Hulme was sent down from Cambridge for punching a policeman. He left town astride a coffin in an undergraduate mock funeral. Disowned by his family, he spent eight months roughing it across Canada. The vast sky and the flat horizon-reaching grasslands left him with a numbing sense of oppression, "the fright of the mind before the unknown" that he came to believe "created not only the first gods, but also the first art."

The first art Hulme created when he returned to London in 1908, at the age of 25, was imagist poetry. Hulme preached the primacy of the image, since he believed that man's only sure grasp of reality was through analogy and metaphor. Though his disciple Ezra Pound gave the school its name and became its chief panjandrum, it was Hulme who wrote the first imagist verse, including what T. S. Eliot has called "two or three of the most beautiful short poems in the language." Sample:

*A touch of cold in the Autumn night
I walked abroad,
And saw the ruddy moon lean over a
hedge
Like a red-faced farmer.
I did not stop to speak, but nodded;
And round about were the wistful stars
With white faces like town children.*

Spilt Religion. Soon tiring of poetry, Hulme launched a Tuesday night salon at the home of his mistress, where he propounded to "journalists, painters, Irish yaps, American bums" the ideas that would later be posthumously published



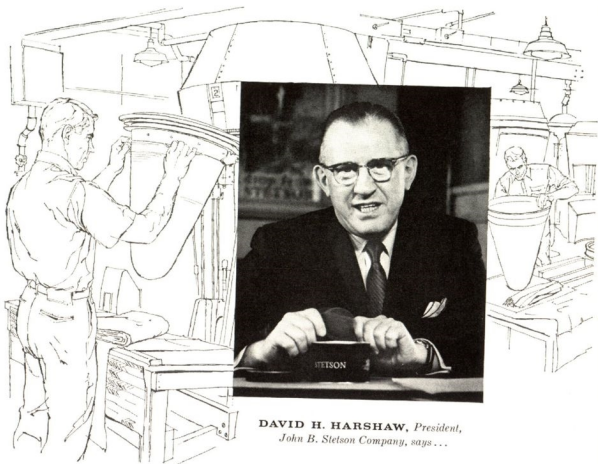
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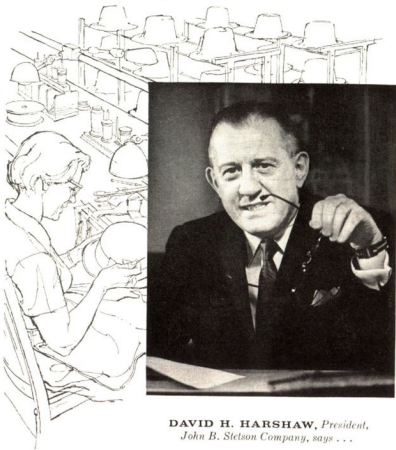
under the apt title, *Speculations*. Every civilization, Hulme held, was based on certain assumptions about the nature of man. Modern civilization, he argued, was grounded on Renaissance humanism, with its assumption of man's innate perfectibility. This optimistic view had been compounded by the 19th century's evolutionary belief in cultural continuity and the idea of progress. To this, Hulme opposed the doctrine of original sin and the idea that man's nature is fixed, constant and imperfeible.

This attack on 19th century optimism sounds familiar today, but it was still revolutionary in Hulme's time. He enrolled the contending doctrines under the party labels of Romanticism and Classicism and offered definitions of each which rank as classic. The romantic view is "that man is intrinsically good, spoilt by circumstances"; the classical "that he is intrinsically limited, but disciplined by order and tradition to something fairly decent. To one party man's nature is like a well, to the other like a bucket." To Hulme, romanticism was "spilt religion": "You don't believe in God, so you begin to believe that man is a god; you don't believe in Heaven, so you begin to believe in heaven on earth." Hulme insisted that the logical extension of romanticism in politics was the idea of liberal progressive democracy. Politically, classicism called for order, tradition and authority. Hulme agreed with Aristotle that "only a god or a beast could live outside the State."

What he failed to see was that only slaves could live inside the authoritarian superstate. To Hulme, as Biographer Jones rightly notes, must go some of the ideological responsibility for the fact that his friend, the Spanish diplomat Ramiro de Maetzu, died fighting for Franco, that Pound embraced Mussolini, that Wyndham Lewis touted Hitler, and that Eliot's *Idea of a Christian Society* is a rigidly hierarchical blueprint for what his mentor called "the constant society." On the plus side, Hulme helped make neo-orthodoxy respectable, modern art approachable, and cyclical philosophies of history acceptable.

On the Cuff. For ill or good, Hulme would not have exercised such a magnetic pull over friend and foe if his life had not been as unconventional as his mind. He rarely rose before noon, loved nothing better than to read Kant stretched out in a hot tub, and could not resist marching in Salvation Army parades. He argued that woman's place was in the home, but he was forever picking one up on the streets, and one memorably uncomfortable escapade took place on the steel staircase of the emergency exit at the Piccadilly Circus tube station.

When Wyndham Lewis' girl friend left him to become Hulme's fiancée, Lewis tracked his rival down and grabbed Hulme by the throat. Hulme picked Lewis up bodily, marched out to Soho Square and hung Lewis upside down on an iron railing by his trouser cuffs. In a graphic, impromptu way, the episode symbolized what one neo-orthodox nonconformist had done to his generation.



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Pachyderm in a Panic

LAUGHTER IN THE DARK (292 pp.)—Vladimir Nabokov — New Directions (\$3.50).

This book, first published in 1938, is one of Vladimir Nabokov's prehumorous works. Like *The Real Life of Sebastian Knight* and *Invitation to a Beheading*, it was buried under critical neglect and popular apathy when it appeared, is now gaining a second life through the continuing *Lolita* boom. But *Laughter in the Dark* only superficially resembles *Lolita*; it is closer to the Heinrich Mann novel that became *The Blue Angel*, the famed Marlene Dietrich film of the same general setting and period. At its loftiest, Nabokov's theme is the degradation, by lust, of dig-



NOVELIST NABOKOV
Bubbles in the pathos.

nity and intellect—Shakespeare's "expense of spirit in a waste of shame."

Like the professor of *The Blue Angel*, Albinus, a middle-aged Berlin art dealer, is pudgy, pompous and naive, a kind of pachyderm in a panic whose downfall is chilling precisely because a sardonic hilarity bubbles continuously through the pathos. In the velvety darkness of a movie theater, Albinus (no last name) is hypnotized by the usherette's "pale, sulky, painfully beautiful face." Margot is one of the daughters of the poor who have learned the market quotations on fair white bodies. Albinus, respectfully and dully married, is enthralled by her, not because she is earthy, but because she might have stepped out of a stag magazine.

A cartoonist named Axel Rex emerges out of Margot's past, and his urbane chitchat somehow convinces Albinus that there is no crowd. Besides, Axel stills Albinus' qualms with a play at least as old as Restoration comedy; he confides to Albinus that he is really a homosexual. Soon clouds mass amid the comic light-



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MARTIN

ning. After a series of tragic plot incidents, Albinus drives into a telephone pole, but lives on, blinded. What follows is more climactic and cruel than the book's actual ending. Axel silently shares the house and Margot, while the pair mulct the pitiable Albinus of his remaining money ("Before we go we'll buy him a dog—as a small token of our gratitude").

Laughter foreshadows the mature Nabokov's brilliance and, compared with a lot of current fiction, is well worth reading. But what might have been searing in the book is somehow merely slick or shallowly cynical. Nabokov's gift for the vivid image is already sparkling, but his characters slip into caricatures. A tendency the later Nabokov has largely suppressed, of confusing imagination with prestidigitation, gets the better of him here, and the deftly manipulated mirror he holds up to nature reflects not life but simply more mirrors.



Sam Martin

NOVELIST WILSON
Beneath the flannel, a non-hero.

The Disenchanted Forest

A SENSE OF VALUES (604 pp.)—Sloan Wilson—Harper (\$4.95).

In the days of Balzac and Galsworthy, the novel could legitimately deal with a businessman's success (through ambition and thrift) or with his failure (through greed, circumstance or the follies of love). A distinctly American contribution to the art of fiction is the discovery that success is failure. In the first 500 novels devoted to this notion, the unimpeachable moral that a man may lose his soul while making money proved reasonably arresting, but by now, the theme has become an overpowering bore and need no longer be written; it can be assembled from the fictioneer's cliché kit. The recurrence of the theme may prove, as some claim, a deep uneasiness in American materialist society; or it may merely prove the un-

business (or an eye on an easy market) among American writers. The latest, 604-page redundancy by Sloan (*The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit*) Wilson may also serve a purpose: to stimulate total disenchantment with the disenchantment novel.

Toys from Anti-Santa. Nathan Bond, Author Wilson's protagonist, runs true to formula. In most disenchantment novels, the hero is a non-hero who attends an Ivy League college (Nathan goes to Yale), where he is traumatically snubbed because he lacks good looks or money, the two top things, as F. Scott Fitzgerald put it. Lacking popularity, the non-hero decides to be different (Nathan wants to be an artist), but he invariably deserts his goal and runs rabbit-scared for life's lettuce (Nathan becomes a cartoonist and creates a Chaplinesque tramp called "Rollo the Magnificent").

But before the non-hero can be properly launched on his affluent career, otherwise known as the rat race, he must have a mate so that he can share his disenchantment. Early snapshots of his beloved are etched indelibly in the non-hero's mind, partly because he always lives his life flashbacks. Nathan is forever recalling Amy arched against the sky on a diving board at poolside on her aunt's rambling estate. In disenchantment novels, these rambling estates are the toys of a gracious childhood soon to be whisked away by that legendary anti-Santa, the '29 crash. Nathan has his losses too—a father to cancer, a mother to an insane asylum. As Novelist Wilson handles them, these are life's little ironies.

Once Nathan's cartooning clicks, he and Amy move to Connecticut, where non-heroes almost always live. The couple has the standard non-heroic family, one boy, one girl. Nathan eventually makes \$100,000 a year, above par for a non-hero, but the tax bite devours his bank balance. After a few years of this and nearly two decades of marriage, Nathan discovers, with the customary belated double take of the non-hero, that he does not know his wife, his children, or himself.

Vacuum Keening. At this point the non-hero always has two antidotes for his despair: 1) alcohol, 2) another woman. Author Wilson generously allows Nathan to sample both. Amy has an adulterous fling of her own after which the following dialogue ensues:

"I want a divorce," she said.
"Amy! Think of the children."

Nonetheless, they do not think of the children and decide on a divorce. But the non-hero can never let ill enough alone. Nathan and Amy are clinching at the close: "Her hands told me that she needed me and . . . the shrill keening of the vacuum cleaner in the next room suddenly seemed like music to me, a wail of desperation, perhaps, but more than that, a sound of effort and hope."

This story may appeal to fans of vacuum keening. For others it will seem only a smooth and utterly mediocre version of an over-familiar American morality play.

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TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

Weddings and Babies. A brilliant technical tour de force by Shoestring Independent Morris (*The Little Fugitive*) Engel, whose candidly filmed story of a multimillion photographer and his "model" becomes a mordant Manhattan Orpheus.

It Happened in Broad Daylight. A slick but effective suspense film written by Swiss Author Friedrich Dürrenmatt (reversing the usual process, he drew his novel *The Pledge* from the script) in which a psychopath—brilliantly acted by Gert Fröbe—and a police inspector glide through frightening shadows.

Never on Sunday. A seeming rehash of an old chestnut—the tale of reformer being reformed himself by a warmhearted prostitute—ends up a savoring satire full of animal spirits and earthy humor. Director Jules (*He Who Must Die*) Dassin also plays the overgrown American boy scout, opposite mercurial Melina Mercouri's invincible Greek strumpet.

Spartacus. Director Stanley Kubrick has turned out a surprisingly impressive film about Rome's slave uprising, despite the fact that Kirk Douglas, Peter Ustinov, Jean Simmons, Sir Laurence Olivier, Charles Laughton, Tony Curtis, Nina Foch and several thousand colleagues do their acting knee-deep in blood.

Sunrise at Campobello. Writer Dore Schary occasionally aims his script at the cheap seats in this adaptation of his Broadway hit, but the film is a craftsmanlike job, and Ralph Bellamy's characterization of Franklin Roosevelt is again excellent.

TELEVISION

Tues., Nov. 15

How Hour of Great Mysteries (NBC, 10-11 p.m.).* E. Phillips Oppenheim's *World War I* spy piece, "The Great Impersonation," starring Eva Gabor and Keith Mitchell.

Wed., Nov. 16

The Bob Hope Buick Show (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). The usual March 2 patter, this time originating at the U.S. Air Force Academy.

Du Pont Show of the Month (CBS, 9:30-11 p.m.). "Heaven Can Wait," a remake of the memorable 1941 movie, "Here Comes Mr. Jordan," about a boxer who becomes world champion through heavenly intervention. With Robert Morley, Anthony Franciosa and Wally Cox.

Thurs., Nov. 17

Wonderland on Ice (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Skaters' schmaltz, with the much traveled "Holiday on Ice" troupe.

Fri., Nov. 18

The Flintstones (ABC, 8:30-9 p.m.). In search of capital gains, Papa Fred and Barney Rubble bet their bundle on a 40-to-1 shot at the local dinosaur track.

Dave's Place (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). A Garraway "at home" attended by Cliff Norton, Julie London, Joe Wilder's Jazz Group and the New York Woodwind Quintet, among others.

* All times E.S.T.

Sat., Nov. 19

N.C.A.A. Football Game (ABC, afternoon). Stanford-California for Western viewers and Illinois-Northwestern for the central states, while the East is allowed Harvard-Yale.

The Nation's Future (NBC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). In this week's debate and panel discussion, Biologist Sir Julian Huxley represents the affirmative on the question, "Is international birth control needed to head off world disaster?"; Belgian Demographer Jacques Mertens de Wilmars is the nay say.

Sun., Nov. 20

The Hallmark Hall of Fame (NBC, 6-8 p.m.). Maurice Evans and Dame Judith Anderson lead a first-rate cast in *Macbeth*. Color.

Belafonte, New York 19 (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). The "19" in the title of his first of Manhattan postal zone over which the folk singer will peregrinate—including such nightspots as Birdland and the Palladium.

Mon., Nov. 21

Tomorrow (CBS, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). "Big City—1980" takes the measure of the troubled metropolis, with case studies of newly created Brasilia and creatively renewed Philadelphia. An unlikely lay host, Garry Moore, poses the questions that are authoritatively answered by an M.I.T. panel including Pietro Belluschi, dean of M.I.T.'s School of Architecture and Planning.

THEATER

The Unsinkable Molly Brown. A merely pleasant score by Meredith Wilson and a funny-paper treatment of the tale of an illiterate, Missouri-born status seeker are kept aloft only through the magic of the unquenchable Tammy Grimes.

An Evening with Mike Nichols and Elaine May. With their eyes deadly keen and their tongues brilliantly sharp, these free-wheeling improvisationists devastate the fatuous, vulgar, neurotic and just plain human, lacing into everything from Tennessee Williams to the P.T.A.

A Taste of Honey. Joan Plowright performs brilliantly in a work of understated, unheroic realism, which blinks at nothing in a shabby world. Written by Britain's Shelagh Delaney when she was 19, the play is episodic, yet shows a promising knack for theater and a well-developed sense of truth.

Irma La Douce. A piquant and jaunty French musical comedy fleshed out by the song-and-dance skill and saucy insouciance of Elizabeth Seal, who plays a girl of whom no one can say "tis a pity she's a whore."

The Hostage. Less a play than a dramatization of the playwright, this sprawling, incoherent account by Brendan Behan of an English soldier held as hostage in a Dublin brothel is howlingly off-key as well as marvelously in tune, humane and hilarious.

The holdovers from last season still holding their own include, **The Miracle Worker**, **Toys in the Attic** and **Bye Bye Birdie**.

BOOKS

Best Reading

The Metamorphosis of the Gods, by André Malraux. A handsomely illustrated, portable Uffizi-cum-Louvre and a flight of speculation that soars from the Sphinx to Botticelli's *Venus*. The author's provocative argument: up to the 15th century, art glorified religion; after it, art became a religion.

The Go-Away Bird, by Muriel Spark. In the title novella and in ten accompanying short stories—mostly semi-supernatural suspense tales—the talented Scottish novelist (*The Ballad of Peckham Rye*) displays her deft, deceiving style and consummate con-woman skill in unmasking the hoaxing face of the world.

Rabbit, Run, by John Updike. Writing with chilling and relentless despair, the author tells with great craft of the crack-up of a dreary young man; what the reader must decide is whether society (as Updike seems to suggest) or mere poverty of soul caused the collapse.

Incense to Idols, by Sylvia Ashton-Warner. Proving that the power and insight of her first novel, *Spindler*, sprang from an exceptional talent rather than from mere autobiographical circumstance, the New Zealand schoolteacher dazzlingly describes an amoral and shattering beautiful pianist for whom men—except for an unbending, God-obsessed minister—queue up to destroy themselves.

Prospero's Cell and Reflections on a Marine Venus, by Lawrence Durrell. A publishing dud, about the islands of Corfu and Rhodes, by the author of *The Alexandria Quartet* confirms his superlative gift as a travel writer who uses scenery to intensify personal feeling.

The Last of the Just, by André Schwarz-Bart. A sprawling, harrowing, quasi-epic novel that follows, often with eloquence, the travails of Europe's Jews from the medieval pogroms to Hitler's crematoriums.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. **Advise and Consent**, Drury (1*)
2. **Hawaii**, Michener (2)
3. **The Leopard**, Di Lampedusa (3)
4. **To Kill a Mockingbird**, Lee (4)
5. **The Lovely Ambition**, Chase (5)
6. **The Last Temptation of Christ**, Kazantzakis (7)
7. **Mistress of Mellyn**, Holt (6)
8. **The Dean's Watch**, Goudge
9. **The Last of the Just**, Schwarz-Bart
10. **The House of Five Talents**, Auchincloss (9)

NONFICTION

1. **The Waste Makers**, Packard (1)
2. **The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich**, Shirer (4)
3. **Kennedy or Nixon: Does It Make Any Difference?** Schlesinger (2)
4. **Born Free**, Adamson (3)
5. **Baruch: The Public Years** (8)
6. **The Politics of Upheaval**, Schlesinger (5)
7. **Folk Medicine**, Jarvis (6)
8. **The Liberal Hour**, Galbraith (9)
9. **How I Made \$2,000,000 in the Stock Market**, Darvas (10)
10. **Enjoy, Enjoy!** Golden

* Position on last week's list.



LEE ON "TRAVELLER" BEFORE MCLEAN HOUSE, APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE, VA. FROM A CONTEMPORARY PRINT.

Grant and Lee make peace with honor

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in — to do all which may achieve a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and among all nations."

A. Lincoln

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS

When you stand before the McLean House at Appomattox, you see this Virginia hamlet almost exactly as it was on April 9, 1865. And that is well, for perhaps no place in America is so important to remember.

In this house, U. S. Grant and Robert E. Lee shook hands and ended that war, which, in its conduct and its ending, best reveals the unique American character. Our Civil War was fought over principles; North and South, we fought hard for those principles. *We made no turning back, no compromise.* We endured hardship, privation, even disaster, but we ended it with honor.

Famous names whisper at Appomattox Court House: Sheridan, Longstreet, Meade, Jackson. Awesome battles tug at your memory: Antietam, Chickamauga, Manassas, Shiloh.

But more to be remembered are the men: The Downcasters of the 20th Maine who held the Round Tops . . . A. P. Hill's lean veterans with their swinging route step . . . The Iron Brigade with the black slouch hats . . . Hood's fierce Texans, tenderly folding their heart-holding battleflags. They had fought as enemies. Now they shared their meagre rations, and their country's future, as brothers.

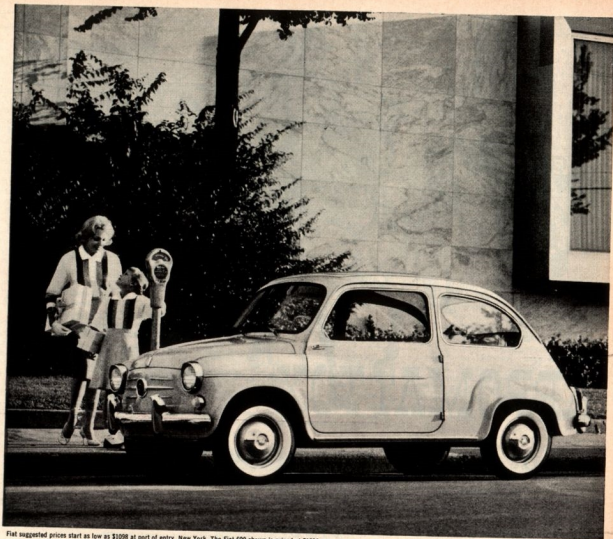
It is good to come to this National Historical Park where our differences were settled, and to ponder our history since that time. *Our nation now leads the world. Its ideals, painfully seen by the light of battlefield campfires a hundred years ago, are goals for mankind everywhere.*

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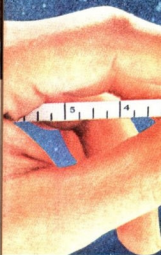
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